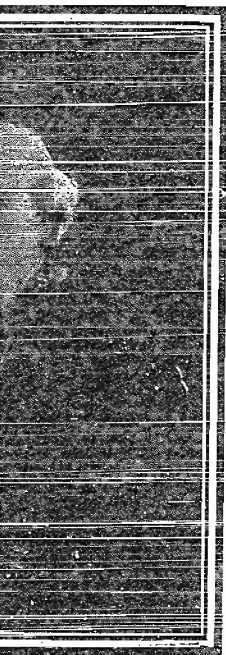


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# THE WAR CRY



TORONTO  
SEP. 20. 1902.

Price 5 Cents.



HENRY RYLAND

"THE SONG OF THE CITY."

See article by the Commissioner,  
page 9.

# Harry's Harvest.

A STORY OF  
THE WEST

By W. C. E.

## CHAPTER I.

"G O! I don't want to see you enter this door again. If you dare to come back I will have you put in jail!"

It was Mr. Gibson, who, flushed with indignation, uttered these angry words, as he grasped the table with one hand to steady his shaking frame, while he pointed with the other to the door.

Harry, so brave a minute before, stood as one stupefied. He had not expected that his old father would go to such a length. He could scarcely believe that he had been ordered to leave the old home.

"Go!" cried the indignant old man. "Your presence defiles this house. Go, before I fling you out by the neck, like an unclean beast!"

Harry had never seen his father in such a passion. The threat, however, hardened him, and stiffening up he cast a look of defiance upon the grey-haired man, and walked out into the night.

Mrs. Gibson was weeping bitterly. "What have you done, father? You have sent Harry to his ruin, and now nothing will save him."

"Don't say any more mother," painfully replied Gibson. "I know as fearfully, but Harry can no longer stay here."

## CHAPTER II.

HARRY was neither genius nor fool, he had been an average boy, with fair power of learning, but had not had much incitation towards the school. He delighted in games, was fond of mischief, and rather good-natured than evilly inclined.

His parents and sisters had rather indulged him, being the only boy in the family; this made him self-willed. He would have his way, and he had his way, and became a mischief to manage.

On leaving school he became an apprentice to a blacksmith. Harry had learned to smoke before he left school, but, unfortunately, he had now also learned to drink and swear, for his new master indulged in both, although he was scarcely ever seen intoxicated in public. Harry had not the strength to stop when he had too much, nor could he conceal the effects of drink so well, hence he became quickly enslaved, and was frequently completely drunk.

One afternoon, while his master had set out for a neighboring village, from which he was not expected to return till late at night, Harry especially wanted drink, but had no money to buy it with. It happened that a stranger came in to get his horse shod, and the payment received for the work tempted Harry strongly to spend it for drink. He resisted the temptation for nearly an hour, but the strong appetite for a talk conquered him, and he went to the saloon, where he met some bad companions, and in their company freely indulged in liquor. As a result he came back drunk, after his master had returned much earlier and had found the shop forsaken and open, with the fire extinct. Besides this, the stranger who had his horse shod had returned for a whip he had left at the shop, and so the master had found out that Harry had taken the money. Harry, on being asked whether any business had been done, said, "No, nothing," was caught in a lie and a theft. The blacksmith brutally whipped the drunken young man, leaving fearful marks all over his body.

That night Harry resolved to revenge himself, and he did it at once, while still under the influence of drink, by cutting the sinews of the hind legs of his master's horse, which had been slipped into his parents' home, where he hid himself. The blacksmith had found out the fearful deed when going into the stable that same evening, and in a furious rage had run to Harry's parents to inform them of Harry's infamous conduct.

Harry had had several quarrels with his father before about the loose hab-

its he was forming, hence when this affair, in the worst possible manner, was reported, the latter, who had hitherto believed, while his boy might become a drunkard, or swearer, or gambler, would never stoop to such a dastardly thing as theft, and the cruel injury of a valuable and innocent horse, was so humiliated and bitterly disappointed that he told Harry to leave the house. Harry left, and never more returned.

Two years after that, the broken-hearted father died, and his faithful wife survived him only for a few weeks, but Harry knew not at the time that the two hearts who had loved him best, and would gladly have taken him back after that fatal night, had been taken away from this world.

## CHAPTER III.

WHEN Harry left his home he felt a fearful tumult of emotions. He was especially indescribably humiliated by the thought that his father actually believed him to be mean enough to do such a deed in cold blood. He was sincerely ashamed of what he had done, but he tried to excuse himself by saying that he had been provoked by being humiliated and whipped by his master and cursed in a manner none would accept. Then, again, he knew that he was scarcely sobered sufficiently to be altogether accountable for his actions. He seemed to have followed some strange impulse; alas! there his doubts began again! Was his impulse his own nature, or was it, as the minister used to say, the devil? He had laughed at religion, in his heart at home—for he respected the noble faith of his parents—but openly, when amongst the bad companions, to which he had taken a fancy.

It was scarcely an evidence of the strength of the Spirit that led his thoughts into this channel, but Harry soon put everything from his mind when he remembered that he had been disgraced.

That night and the following day Harry walked to M—, a considerable distance from his home. He was fortunate to obtain work on a sailing vessel and shipped within two days for South America.

Seven years as a sailor, spent on the sea, or in the various seaports of the globe, did not improve Harry. He took to gambling, and became a heavy drinker. When he had money, and a port to spend it in, he would never rest until every cent had been spent. He was on his way to a drunkard's grave, and rapidly advanced at that.

## CHAPTER IV.

WHILE in the harbor of N— Harry became engaged in a brawl with some Swedish sailors, which resulted in an ugly fight. Harry was drunk, but not so much but what he could draw his knife and stab one of his opponents, who fell with a groan to the floor. The flow of warm blood acted like a fearful shock on Harry. He looked at the blood-stained knife and at his victim as one paralyzed. To the policeman who arrested him he made no resistance. For three weeks the life of the wounded man was in the balance, but he finally recovered. Harry was sentenced to five years' imprisonment, and for five long years he wore the prisoner's garb. While

in jail he remembered the Sunday School text: "He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."

## CHAPTER V.

RELEASE from jail brought freedom at last. Harry, however, was a broken man, although yet young in years. He had sought work and the liberty to spend it, the old craving for drink returning with tremendous force. He had resolved to stop drinking when in jail, and thought he was delivered from its power. Now he found himself again under its spell. First he thought he would try just a glass. He had it, but the first glass seemed to awaken a sleeping monster in his veins. It cried for more, and more he must have. Harry was getting too much of it already, when a young man who worked in the same shop induced him to leave the saloon under the pretext to go to another one.

On the next street corner they met the Salvation Army. It was the first time Harry had seen them in the open-air ring, although he had often heard of them. He stopped and listened out of curiosity to the singing of a young girl, who sang some new words to the tune of a song well known to Harry. He was simply fascinated. He listened to everything, and everything seemed to be especially said and sung for him. The Spirit strove again with him, but this time he yielded. With sobs of contrition he knelt at the drum, and found there the forgiveness of sins through a Salvation's mercy. He began to sow to the Spirit.

## CHAPTER VI.

SIXTEEN years after this, in a western town, an unusual stir was seen. The Little Salvation Army barracks was crowded to its doors, and along the main street many people stood in expectancy of the procession soon to come.

In front of the platform, inside the barracks, rested a coffin, and on it laid a soldier's cap and a well-worn Bible.

"We mourn not as those who have no hope," said the Captain, "but we know that our beloved brother has only laid down the sword to take up the crown in heaven, where we all hope to meet him some day. Once he was a drunkard, and used to say so. In his last testimony on his dying bed, he told me if he had lived till to-day it would have been his spiritual birthday. Sixteen years ago he found salvation in the open-air ring of the Army, and for sixteen years he has been a faithful Christian and a true soldier of the Army. His example has been a shining light in this community. His cheerful talk has encouraged and helped many who were in trouble. He was always ready to help in any way he could with his voice, his money, his strength, his faith, and his prayers, and we have sustained a great loss indeed."

Here the voice faltered the Captain, he bowed his head, a half-finished sob escaped him, and tears flowed from every eye. Harry had been before and believed in, and everyone missed him.

"But," continued the Captain with tremulous voice, "we know he was prepared to die. He asked me to read the twenty-third Psalm, and then he repeated: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil—for-Thou-art-with-me!' and with a smile on his countenance he fell back dead."

"Yet he is not dead. His influence

lives with us, his holy example remains here, and we shall see again one day, when sin and sorrow will trouble us no more."

Harry had now also moved on. "He who soweth to the Spirit shall the Spirit reap everlasting life."



## III—THE GERMAN.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

## THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

Leopold I., King of Austria, AD. 1858.

The eldest son of Ferdinand died before his father, and the second, Leopold, was not eighteen when his father died. He had not yet been chosen King of the Romans. This gave Louis XIV. of France an opportunity of trying to get himself elected to the throne, and he gained over the three electoral Archbishops and the Palatine, who had become a Roman Catholic, but Friedrich Wilhelm of Brandenburg, who is called the Elector, kept the others firm. France, and Leopold was chosen. He had been educated for the priesthood, and was a very devout and good man, and he was very careful not to get far from closer or stronger, and not do great things, though he did little things very well. He was a good player on the viola da gamba, and a musician. He was a very pious man, and his majesty is not a very pious man.

He was unfortunate, for Louis XIV. was on the watch to gain him from Germany in its worst form, and was his enemy all his life. He was against him, so that the war began.

The great Elector, Louis XIV., Louis's plans, and did his best to keep the Germans together; but the Swedes invaded his part of Pomerania, and he had to fight with them, when he not only drove them out, but settled most of what they had been granted at the peace of the star.

The Austrians were defeated on the Rhine, and a peace was made. Nine years in 1678 for all Europe, when Brandenburg was forced to give up what he had gained in Pomerania. In spite of the peace, Louis XIV. said that the great free city of Strasbourg belonged to Elzas, and in 1681 while most of the burghers were away at the great fair of Frankfurt, he seized the place and kept it. He made the chief inhabitants to submit, and changing it as much as possible to be a French Roman Catholic town of a German Protestant city.

The Germans were furious, and would have made a league to recover it, but that the Elector of Brandenburg was so angry at having been deprived of his conquest in Pomerania that he would not join the league in anything. Moreover, he stirred up the Hungarians against him, and indeed, Leopold had dreadfully harsh to the Protestants there, and had sent two hundred fifty of their pastors to New England slaves at Naples, where the great Dutch Admiral De Vries obtained his freedom. The Hungarians revolted, and after a few years called in their old Mohammed IV., the Sultan, who sent his Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, at the head of seventy thousand men to invade Austria itself. Leopold and his family were obliged to flee, and left Vienna to be governed by the governor, Count Starobinski, and its bishop, Kolumna, who was a small, brave garrison. Outside of the Austrian army under the Duke of Lorraine, with such an army as he could collect, and in it the Prince of Saxe, a cousin of the King of Saxony. He had been bred up in the French court, but he had grown weary of its stiffness and ran away with some other young men to fight against the Turks. Their letters were captured and opened, and were found to make game of the King. He never forgave what was said of him, and Eugene continued to serve the emperor.

Our M

The native population of the poor, and often the perfect with sores of other that applications are very numerous. Some have recently been from colony, and a home have been opened. These food and shelter, with light labor, such as we have also some of our control. The work cognized by the Governor and we are expecting them.

Just after starting, I visited the Assistant in Wonesona, who kindly, though in tal was at a disadvantage use to speak in English would reply in Dutch, much Dutch now, and not know much English to write to her, as me read and can understand fairly well who do not result was a reply to the Assistant, in common native Regent, would expect our work should be understood as well.

They came, accompanied own "Controleur," and ed our little settlement ant asked permission as then the Japanese understand as well, enquires before beginning, and showed respect. He spoke of pecially (all at once and said how happy they looked, and how glad "broad" was.

He then inspected quarters, and freely the cleanliness of the inmates, remarking better and cleaner than the ordinary Japanese, ing he promised to go he could, and said that who is the head of would like to see for we were doing.

The day of this event length arrived, and of native policemen, road and kept it clear hour before the Regent All traffic was suspended.

COMING! THE COMING!

GENERAL.

WHEN? WHERE? SEE DATES ON PAGE 15.



lives with us, his holy as  
as here, and we shall  
again one day, when sin and  
will trouble us no more."  
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### III.—THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE SIEGE OF VIENNA.

Leopold ... A.D. 1805.  
The eldest son of Ferdinand  
... before his father, and  
... Leopold, was not chosen  
... and not yet been chosen King  
... This gave Louis, King of  
France an opportunity of try-  
ing to get himself elected to the  
... and he gained over the three  
... Archbishops and the  
... of Austria, who had become  
Catholic, but Friedrich Wilhelm  
of Brandenburg, who is called the  
... kept the others firm.  
... Leopold was chosen  
... and been educated for the priest-  
hood and was a very devout and good  
... most upright and careful, but  
... from clever or strong and  
... not do great things, though he  
... things very well. He was  
... a player on the violin and  
... music master explained:  
"Your majesty is not a soldier."  
... was unfortunate, for Louis  
... on the watch to gain all  
... Germany in its worst-out  
... and was his enemy all his life.  
... with the Rhineland, and  
... against him, so that the war  
... gain.

The Great Victor was  
Louis's plan, and did his best to  
... the Germans together; but  
... invaded his part of  
... and he had to fight with  
... then he not only drove them  
... seized most of what they  
... granted at the peace of  
... the Austrians were defeated  
... and a peace was made  
... in 1815 for all Europe  
... when Brandenburg was forced to  
... what he had gained in Poland  
... of the peace, Louis said  
... that the great free city  
... belonged to Elzas, and in 1871  
... the most of the burghers wanted  
... the great fair of Frankfurt  
... the place and kept it, but  
... assistants to submit  
... as much as possible  
... a French Roman Catholic  
... a German Protestant city.  
... the Germans were furious  
... could have made a league to  
... but that the Emperor of  
... was so angry at having  
... of his conquest in France  
... that he would not join the  
... in Austria. Moreover,  
... up the Hungarians  
... and indeed Leopold had  
... as the President  
... and had sent two hundred  
... of their pastors to row  
... slaves at Naples, where  
... Admiral Deyster obtained  
... The Hungarians  
... after a few years called  
... aid Mohammed IV., the  
... sent his Grand Vizier,  
... at the head of 200,000  
... invaded Austria itself. Leopold  
... family were obliged to  
... and left Vienna to be  
... by the governor, Count Starobinski.  
... his Bishop, Korotich, was  
... a Knight of St. John, with  
... all, brave garrison. Outside  
... Austrian army under the Duke  
... with such an army as  
... and in it the  
... Eugene, a cousin of the  
... Savoy. He had been bred  
... French court, but he had  
... of its customs and ran  
... some other young men to  
... the Turks. Their letters  
... and opened, and were  
... the game of the King. He  
... what was said of him,  
... continued to serve the

## THE WAR OR?

### Our Missionary Fields—Java.

SOCIAL WORK AT SAPDERAN.

BY MRS. ENSIGN THOMSON.

The native population here is very poor, and often the people are so infected with sores of one kind or another that applications to us for aid are very numerous. Several additions have recently been made to our little colony, and a home for widows has been opened. These we supply with food and shelter, while they put in light labor, such as mat making, etc. We have also some children under our control. The work is being recognized by the Government officials, and we are expecting support from them.

Just after starting, our Social Work visited the Assistant Resident's wife in Wonosobo, who received me very kindly, though in talking to her I was at a disadvantage. She asked me to speak in English, and she would reply in Dutch. I do not hear much Dutch now, and felt she did not know much English, so decided to write to her, as many people here read and can understand English fairly well who do not speak it. The result was a reply to the effect that the Assistant, in company with the native Regent, would visit and inspect our work shortly, coming from Wonosobo—ten miles.

They came, accompanied by our own "Controleur," and properly stormed our little settlement. The Assistant asked permission to use Malay, as then the Javanese officials could understand as well. He made many inquiries before beginning the inspection, and showed very great interest. He spoke of the children especially (all at one time beggars), and said how happy and contented they looked, and how fat (only he said "broad").

He then inspected the women's quarters, and freely commented upon the cleanliness of the shelter and the inmates, remarking how much better and cleaner they looked than the ordinary Javanese. Before leaving he promised to give us what help he could, and said that the Resident, who in the head European official, would like to see for himself what we were doing.

The day of this eventful visit at length arrived, and with it a company of native policemen, who cleared the road and kept it clear for about an hour before the Resident's arrival. All traffic was suspended, and the

coolies had to place their hats on the roadside and squat down alongside them. At last there was a crack of whips and a galloping of horses. Here he comes! and about twenty horsemen—in many colored trousers and official coats—swung into view. These were the small native officials, and they each carried a small flag, so that it was quite a picturesque sight. The Resident's carriage, which was drawn by six small bays, came along at a terrific rate, and had gone considerably past our quarters before the horses could be pulled up.

We had all the children—sixteen in number—arranged in the native reception room. Some of them had only arrived the day before, and they looked quite spick and span in their "new-old" jackets. (I make them jackets out of all kinds of old clothes.) The children, who had been here for some time, wore red print jackets, and looked very nice. The Resident spoke English well enough to be understood. With the other high officials—four in number—he inspected the shelter and saw the mat making. It was remarked how happy and well-fed the children looked, though the Resident himself said little in the way of encouragement, and did not commit himself in any way. Yet I feel sure he was pleased, and that some financial assistance will come from him.

We have now thirty-four women and children to feed, employ, teach, and lead to Christ and to Heaven. These children who are without father or mother I am especially grateful of. One of our greatest difficulties is the deception amongst them, for mothers who are with their children teach them to deceive, and I often wish I could have all the children by themselves.

The work is as yet only two months old, and the women come to us skeletons that it is some time before they can be expected to do much in the way of work. We do a good deal in the way of helping the sick, and have some come to us with their legs and feet in an awful condition, sometimes having been laid for two years, and in many instances with the bones quite exposed.

We feel this work is of God, and will have good success as time goes on. Will our comrades pray for us,

that the Lord will give us wisdom and patience? The children are by my own special care, as in them, by God's grace, I see our officers for the future. From amongst them we are believing to see some arise who shall lead many of their countrymen in this land to the light and knowledge of Jesus.

### THE LADDER OF OBSTACLES.

How dependent we are on obstacles in our every effort at progress! The aspiring eagle, in its lofty flight heavenward, could never rise above the earth except as every motion of its wings meets with resistance from the surrounding air. And thus it is with the smaller birds of song or of beauty, filling the air with praise and delight. Wings, large or small, have their value according to the resistance which they meet, and by which they make progress.

"Resistance to its pinions light Uplifts the bird in airy flight; Resistance to the winged soul Uplifts it to the lofty goal." Bird or man can fall by its own weight to its own harm. But if it would use its God-given wings for progress or aspiration, it must do so by resisting and overcoming opposition. Are we sufficiently grateful for opposition as a help to progress in the world?—S. S. Times.

## THE KLONDIKE.

An Interesting Letter From Adjutant Kenway Describing His Travels and What He Thinks of Dawson.

Many of our readers will be pleased to hear from the third Klondike contingent. We left Toronto on Saturday, July 19th, Brigadier Gaskin accompanying us to Parkdale station. We were not long on the car before we made friends with other tourists who were going to Vancouver, who were very nice indeed, and did everything to make the trip a pleasant one.

We arrived at Winnipeg about one o'clock on Monday. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and the officers of the Rescue Home did all they could to make our stay there delightful. After dinner we were able to replenish our lunch basket, and then we went to the Rescue Home for tea. Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips and Adj. and Mrs. McGill were present. A few came to see us off at six o'clock, although we felt we would like to remain over to take in the Council that was to be conducted by Brigadier Southall. Our trip to Vancouver was a very inter-

esting one, especially going through the Rockies. We arrived at Vancouver at five o'clock on Thursday evening, where the officers did all in their power to make us comfortable, and our stay was very pleasant. We held a meeting on Friday night, then went from the meeting to the "Princess May." Most of the soldiers came down to the boat with us and wished us God-speed and success in the far north. Mrs. Crane, an old soldier of mine when stationed in New Glasgow, N.S., brought down to the boat a splendid singing canary, and we have been cheered by its singing early in the morning.

The Princess May! The kindness of the officers and crew cannot be too highly estimated; they were very kind indeed, and ready to put themselves out to make the passage comfortable. We held a short service on Sunday night, which was well attended. In traveling on this boat we had every comfort possible. She compares favorably with all the large liners, and steams at fourteen knots an hour. We are expected to arrive at Skagway to-morrow morning at four. Then we take train to White Horse, and expect to take boat for Dawson to-morrow night. We are hoping to get in Dawson Thursday night. Every one of the party, which includes Lieut. Allen, Ensign Heilmann, Mrs. Kenway and myself, are in the best of spirits and enjoying the trip immensely, although we have a feeling that we shall be glad when we see Dawson and relieve our dear comrades. Will try and let you have a few items of the other part of trip.—G. W. Kenway.

Dear Wholly Readers—The last word I sent you was from the Princess May at Skagway. Now for the balance of the trip. On landing from the steamer we marched (walked) up to the officers' quarters, where Capt. Long was just preparing breakfast for herself, so that we just struck the quarters in a nice time, for it did not take her long to get us all a cup of tea, which was much enjoyed. The Captain was pleased to see us, as will be imagined. The Captain decided to take in a picnic, as the train was going the same direction as we, so as to have the pleasure of our company. Unfortunately the train moved off without the cars that had the pleasure-seekers on board, so it was a quick farewell.

What a ride to White Horse! I have done some tall climbing in my day, but that beats all. I looked at the old trail and thanked God from the depths of my heart that we had an easier way of transport than had the pioneer party. We arrived at White Horse about five, and there we were informed our boat did not leave for Dawson until the next evening. We had supper, then strolled around the place and were greatly taken up with it. The little cabins made of canvas quite took our eyes. The people there were very sociable, many of them greatly in love with the Army, and are looking forward to the day when the Army will be there to grapple with the sin that abounds. We knew well that we were getting near the Klondike, as we found that it took about six to board the four of us for the day.

The trip from White Horse was very interesting (we came up in the S.S. Dawson), and it only took us thirty-six hours. We arrived at our destination on Friday morning. The S.A. forces were there to give us a hearty welcome. We were soon informed that the farewell and welcome meeting had been arranged for in the Presbyterian Church, and this thing is very noticeable, and that is the friendly feeling that exists between the different denominations. The ministers are splendid fellows, and in sympathy with the Army and the work, and the people of this city are all that can be expected, owing to the transitional character of the populace, but then we have been treated well. Our soldiers are few in numbers, but are of the right stamp. Already we have had some good meetings and good collections, and two souls for mercy. One is taking his stand well, and is a great help, as he is a good musician.

The officers left the next day after our arrival; although being here two years, yet a tear could be seen in their eyes.

The officers are doing well, and the prospects are bright for the future.



The Harvest of the Yukon—Washing for Gold.

## WHEN THE TIDE TURNED.

BY STAFF-CAPTAIN PAGE.

IT was low water with the Smithson family—that they would have acknowledged it for the world.

The cheerful angle at which Philip wore his cap when seeking for work gave no suggestion of the dry crust which had formed his breakfast, while the much-washed shawl of his wife was so arranged as to hide at least two-thirds of the multi-colored patches which decorated her gown. But their poverty was none the less because of their pride. Smithson's long illness in the winter had lost him his situation, and plunged them into debt, and when a man once gets down in a big city it is a hard and long, and sometimes impossible struggle for him to find his feet again.

Their Thanksgiving dinner was very meagre. The two mutton chops gloried into youth but not beauty by the name of lamb, were sickly reminders of the turkey which had graced the board on former occasions. But it was the first meat which had seen their table for many weeks, and what was lacking in quantity Mrs. Smithson made up in the excellence of her cooking. Her good spirits were infectious, and the fragility of the meal was forgotten in the bits of fun with which it was served.

"Thank God we are still together, Phil," she exclaimed, smiling at him with moist eyes across the table. "That's better than a big pocket-book and a cheerless hearth."

"Aye," said Philip, "but I'd like the other, too, if only for your sake, wife."

"Oh, it doesn't make so much difference to me," her innate unselfishness hastened to assure him. "I'm at home all day and don't feel so much the need of it."

A timid tap at the door broke off the remark, and a faint face, surmounted by a tangled crown of hair, peeped round it. On invitation to enter, the tangled hair pushed the door wide and stood revealed. It was a child—the sorriest picture of youth and misery.

"Guess I've come wrong," said the apparition, resting first on one bare foot and then on the other, while the sharp little nose gave surreptitious sniffs at the savory atmosphere. "Thought this was Mr. Bell's room. Mother sent me to borrow a candle."

"I can lend you a candle, little one," said Mrs. Smithson, rising to the cupboard. She was detained by her husband, and there was a whispered colloquy between them. It seemed there was yet a third chop put by for Phil's generally empty dinner basket to-morrow.

"Cook it for her," he whispered. The most unselfish woman finds it hard to relinquish what is for the benefit of those dear to her, and Mrs. Smithson demurred, but her husband was firm, and soon the little stranger was seated at the table, a huge piece of bread in her hand, and a wide stare of delighted wonder in her hungry eyes.

Mrs. Smithson's cooking of the third chop was a triumph of culinary art, and it was to be regretted that it was devoured so quickly. The starved child ate like a wolf, but the Smithson's hearts grew light as they watched the little stranger's face grow bright as the watch-dog as Philip's heart was still light as he set forth on his fruitless task that morning, though the dinner pail only contained the usual crust, which had been packed up by Mrs. Smithson that morning with singularly fitting eyes.

Collecting was dreary work that day. A dismal rain was falling, and even the stiff mackintosh of the policeman's coat wore a limp aspect. The stern face under the gloom's helmet brightened with a smile as it lighted on the rain-soaked bonnet of the Captain, for here was not only a man of blue but a soldier of salvation.

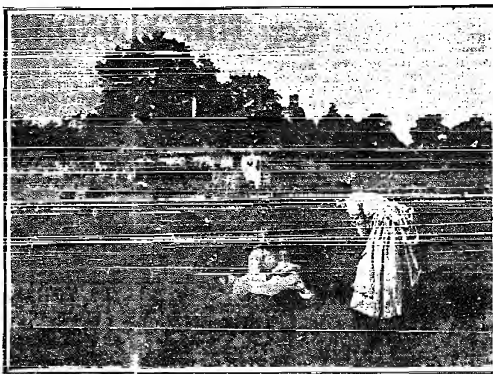
"Sorry to see you without an umbrella, Captain; hadn't you got none?" "Mustn't think of one till H. F.'s over, Bob; I want every cent for my target, and you know the old bonnet's neither sugar nor salt, and doesn't quite dissolve."

The Captain laughed. Time was when she had been the cherished daughter of a luxurious home, and had not known a want—but sacrifice carries its own sweetness, and the heart under the limp bonnet was light as air.

But Bob's smile was rather grim. He considered the offer of his corps under his official protection, and made a mental note to be transferred to his official note book as soon as the Captain's back was turned. It went rather strangely, "Capt. Curtis, very urgent," under the last entry, which happened to be "Drunk and disorderly." But Bob was a methodical soul, and was as orderly in his benevolence as in his business.

But the Captain had not yet passed on, she passed before him fingered her collecting card and pencil.

"I've quite exhausted my district, Bob," she said, "and not near filled my card. What about that big red house? Are tenants in yet?"



Baby's First Harvest.

## Martin's H. F. Gift.

By ENSIGN WHITTAKER.

"I RECKON we've put in a good half-day's work, boys," said Mr. Martin, as he wiped the beads of perspiration from his brow with his large red handkerchief, "and there's the dinner-horn at last!"

His three stalwart sons raised their heads at the sound, dropped the hoes with which they had been digging potatoes, and all four proceeded to the splendid brick dwelling recently erected by the farmer.

Mrs. Martin greeted them with her usual smile. She looked the picture of health and happiness, and there was a ruddy glow on her countenance as she lifted the steaming potatoes from the saucepan.

"Well, wife," said the farmer, "if I don't eat mine we will have all the potatoes in this afternoon, and a lot of good, sound potatoes they are, too." Before Mrs. Martin had time to frame a reply Edith, their fair-haired little daughter, rushed into the house breathless with excitement and haste.

"O mamma, I saw two ladies driving up the road with such funny looking hats on; I watched to see where they would go, and they have just turned in our gate."

"What can the child mean?" asked Mrs. Martin.

"Oh, it's the Salvation Army; I guess they are on a begging expedition. I have seen familiar posters up announcing their Harvest Festival;

"Oh, Smithson's," said Bob. "They are well-to-do people, I hear. Made a fortune in a day, so I hear tell. Then down very low once, they say, before he struck this business, ought to be generous."

Two minutes later Capt. Curtis was standing beneath the imposing portico of the big red house. A woman attired in rustling silk, but with a care-worn face, answered the ring. She listened to the Captain's request with a doubtful air.

"Perhaps—she would ask —" But a heavy step was behind her, and a stern voice demanded what "all that row was about."

"Thank-offering," explained the man, almost throwing the card in the Salvationist's face. "One would think one was made of money by the whole sale requests for 'offerings' one gets. As for me, I've enough to look after my business without bothering after religious matters, and their interminable asking for more and more cash." And with a sneer Philip Smithson shut the door in the Salvationist's face.

For the turning of the tide had left Philip a backslider. He is not the only man who has remembered God in adversity's ebb, but forgotten Him in prosperity's flow.

At the first opportunity the Captain made known her mission to Mr. Martin, cautiously approaching him on the subject.

"I believe the Army is doing good, but I tell you candidly, I don't want all this begging."

"I don't think you understand our Harvest Festival scheme. Let me explain it to you," and the Captain proceeded. "The object of this offering is to give an expression of thankfulness to God for His goodness in providing for your needs. In the story of Exodus we read how Moses heard all those who were of a willing heart to bring an offering unto the Lord for the building of the Tabernacle. Moses found, as we do, that almost anything and everything could be used to good advantage in the establishing of the desired end, and gives to the people a long list of articles which could be put to service in the promoting of this object. Then we must remember that it is only a willing offering that is acceptable to God, and a great blessing always attends true giving, for we read, it is more blessed to give than to receive. Again we read in God's Word that of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, of the herd or of the flock, the tenth shall be holy unto the Lord. You have had an abundant harvest this year, and you must not forget that this is all through the blessing of God, and you are really indebted to Him."

But the Captain's words seemed a little or no avail. He supposed it was all right, but did not see the necessity of making any sacrifice himself.

Mr. Martin was not always in comfortable circumstances. By dint of hard work and careful living he had accumulated considerable property, built a fine residence, and was at the point of saying, "I don't want much more good, but up for many years; take things easy, eat drink, and be merry." He did not wish to be troubled on the question of giving.

Dinner over, the Captain asked for a Bible, and opening at the 12th chapter of Luke, she read the story of the foolish farmer, finishing with these beautiful words, "But rather seek ye the Kingdom of God; and all these things shall be added unto you."

"Well, pray for me," said the Captain, as they were about to take their departure.

It was Saturday afternoon, the commencement of the Harvest Festival. The decorations were nearly completed, and the officers were just finishing the arrangement of the vegetable and fruit in the barracks.

"If we only had some potatoes—strange that no one has brought any," said the Lieutenant.

"Mr. Martin had such lovely potatoes, and I feel though he would bring us some, though he did refuse at the time we asked for them. I must say I am disappointed," and the Captain sighed as fresh thoughts came to her mind.

"Keep bothering, God will not allow us to be defeated if we really do our best," and the cheerful little Lieutenant proceeded to arrange the plates of rosy-cheeked apples, the large cabbage heads, etc., in the most artistic manner. The afternoon's work finished, they had tea, and were busy tidying up their little quarters, when there was a loud knock at the door.

The Captain quickly opened it, the Lieutenant looked up to see who was there, and almost dropped the tray of dishes she was carrying as she beheld the stately form of Mr. Martin, seated in the carriage was Mrs. Martin, their three sons and little Edith.

"You brought you some, or we would have come to your meeting to-night," said he, and began to unload the potatoes. The Captain did not seem surprised. Somehow she had a feeling that she would touch the farmer's heart, since she had been praying so earnestly for him.

They enjoyed the meeting so much that they drove in again on Sunday night, and, best of all, Mr. Martin was found kneeling at the mercy seat. The following Captain reached his target, and had a few dollars to spare, and who had the joy, before receiving farewell orders, of enrolling Mr. Martin and his family under the blood-and-fire flag.

## Territorial Newslets.

Harvest Festival week is here again. How the time flies, and how quickly our opportunities for doing good are slipping away. Men and money are two essentials in pushing forward the claims of Christ on a dark and sinning world. We are convinced that throughout the Territory we have men and women of the right stamp who will again push the effort for all the year north. Cheers from far and near raise our highest expectations for a brilliant victory.

Toronto has been besieged with visitors during the last two weeks, and quite a few Salvationists have taken advantage of the cheap rates to the Queen City. An old couple, veterans in the Salvation war, had evidently been hunting around for the Territorial Headquarters on Albert St. for very long time, when at last they weary feet wandered in the right direction. But they were not quite sure they had struck the proper spot until they peeped through the window of the Trade Office, where they noticed the picture of the dear General; their faces were illuminated in a moment, and they joyfully exclaimed, "We have found the place!"

We are extremely cheered by the interest displayed in the "Centralist" in regard to the boomers' list. We have no doubt we shall see a great improvement in the standing of the C.O.P. in the Honor Roll as a result.

We learn that Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, of Saint-Esprit, has been stricken down with typhoid fever, and has been seriously ill. However, we are glad to say that Mrs. LeCocq is improving.

Staff-Capt. Cass, at the Temple, last week-end, had an extraordinary good day. Exceedingly large crowds of habituated visitors were present at the open-air and indoor meetings.

Harvest Festival has been well received in the city. Yorkville comrades know already just where to lay their hands on the amount of their target.

Adj. Burrows has been obliged to leave field work to a time owing to health, and will take a position in the Central Ontario Province Office.

Adj. Perry, Travelling Financial Special for the Central Ontario Province, has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist Staff-Capt. Stauden in the Training Home.

Captain Trickey is going to be Travelling Financial Special for a week or two.

There will be a general Staff conference at the end of October, about the time of the General's visit.

The Commissioners will meet next batch of Cadets on Saturday night when there will be a reception. We think the Cadets highly honored to have with them their leader at an early date, and the inspiration he will receive from their presence words will help them all better push ahead and make a good year for themselves during the season.

It is under serious consideration to appoint a J. S. Secretary for the Central Ontario Province.

A letter has been received by Commissioner from a female of applying for the Zulu work in St. Africa.

There are three hundred and two Corn-cadets on the roll. Not as many for a beginning.

We met the smiling face of Combs in the Trade Office, now charge of Petrolia District. One easily tell he had some weighty matters on his mind, so we determined to see if we could not get a little for the Cry. We gathered first he was at Headquarters to discuss building of a new brick barracks. Petrolia; that four hundred dollars had already been collected, and a hundred dollars promised already, a lot secured on the front street, once stood the worst hotel ever kept in Petrolia; that the building project had been taken up enthusiastically by the people, that souls are being saved, and God is richly blessing the work in the town.



## Territorial Newslets.

Harvest Festival week is here again. How the time flies, and how quickly our opportunities for doing good are slipping away. Men and money are two essentials in pushing forward the claims of Christ on a dark and sinful world. We are convinced that throughout the Territory we have men and women of the right stamp who will again push the effort for all they are worth. Echoes from far and near raise our highest expectations for a brilliant victory.

Toronto has been besieged with visitors during the last two weeks, and quite a few Salvationists have taken advantage of the cheap rates to the Queen City. An old couple, veterans in the Salvation war, had evidently been hunting around for the Territorial Headquarters on Albert St. for a very long time, when at last their weary feet wandered in the right direction. But they were not quite sure they had struck the proper spot until they peeped through the window of the Trade Office, where they noticed the picture of the dear General: their faces were illuminated in a moment, and they joyfully exclaimed, "We have found the place!"

We are extremely cheered by the interest displayed in the "Centrallian" in regard to the "Centrallian" list. We have no doubt we shall see a great improvement in this standing of the C.O.P. in the Honor Roll as a result.

We learn that Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, of Sask. Sta. Marie, has been stricken down with typhoid fever, and has been seriously ill. However, we are glad to say that Mrs. LeCocq is improving.

Stant-Capt. Cass, at the Temple, last week-end, had an extraordinary good day. Exceedingly large crowds of Exhibition visitors were present at the open-air and indoor meetings.

Harvest Festival has been well received in the city. Torville comrades know already that where to lay their hands on the amount of their target.

Adjt. Burrows has been obliged to leave field work to a time owing to ill health, and will take a position part time in the Central Ontario Provincial Office.

Adjt. Perry, Traveling Financial Special for the Central Ontario Province, has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist Stant-Capt. Slattery in the Training Home.

Captain Trickey is going to be a Traveling Financial Special for a few weeks at least.

There will be a general Staff change at the end of October, about the time of the General's visit.

The Commissioner will meet the new batch of Cadets on Saturday next, when there will be a reception tea. We think the Cadets highly honored to have with them their leader at such an early date, and the inspiration they will receive from her presence and words will help them all better to push ahead and make a good mark for themselves during the session.

It is under serious consideration to appoint a J. S. Secretary for the Central Ontario Province.

A letter has been received by the Commissioner from a female officer applying for the Zulu work in South Africa.

There are three hundred and twenty Corps-Cadets on the roll. Not so bad for a beginning.

We met the smiling face of Adjt. Coombs in the Trade Office, now in charge of Petrolia District. One could easily tell he had some weighty matters on his mind, so we determined to see if we could not get a little news for the Cry. We gathered first that he was at Headquarters to discuss the building of a new brick barracks at Petrolia; that four hundred dollars had already been collected, and seven hundred dollars promised altogether; a lot secured on the front street where once stood the worst hotel ever known in Petrolia; that the building proposition had been taken up enthusiastically by the people, that souls are being saved, and God is richly blessing the work in the town.

Adjt. Scarr has been appointed by the Commissioner to assist at the Territorial Training Home.

In consequence of the pressure of work, Capt. Peacock is leaving assistance with his shorthand in the Chief Secretary's office, and Lieut. McMillan is doing likewise in the Commissioner's Department.

We desire to draw attention to two slight alterations in the General's appointments which could not be avoided.

The first concerns Woodstock, Ont., which will be visited on the Monday instead of Friday, while the second affects the Toronto dates, which are put forward (see p. 16) from Tuesday to Friday. All other appointments stand as before. The change in the Toronto dates will be generally welcomed as an improvement on the former arrangements.



## Canadian Cuttings.

The Elder-Dempster Steamship Company has written the Canadian Minister of Marine, suggesting certain improvements in the St. Lawrence to protect navigation, and offering the services of two of their experienced officials.

Sir Wilfred Laurier has gone to Switzerland, and Mr. Fielding has left Paris for London.

Special rates of postage to Yukon and Alaskan districts have been abolished, and the rate hereafter will be the same as for the rest of the Dominion.

The General Synod of the Church of England, rejected the proposal to change the church's name, but voted in favor of a revised edition of the prayer book.

Rev. Prof. Elliott's eight-year-old daughter was fatally burned at Montreal.

It is reported at Ottawa that Thanksgiving Day this year will be fixed for October 23rd.

At a representative meeting of Jamaican sugar planters a resolution was passed favoring federation with Canada.

Sir Edward Barton, Premier of the Australian Commonwealth, and Sir John Forrest, the Commonwealth's Minister of Defence, were tendered a dinner at the Toronto Club, by the Toronto Board of Trade.

## U. S. Sitings.

President Roosevelt's carriage was struck by a trolley car, near Pittsfield, Mass. William Craig, one of the body guards, was killed, and the other occupants of the carriage bruised and shaken.

The State Department at Washington without information regarding the visit of Sir Robert Borden, Newfoundland's Premier, who is reported in St. John's and Montreal despatches as having set out to negotiate a reciprocity treaty with the United States.

The Philadelphia School Board has ordered coal from England to heat the public schools of the city during the coming winter.

Twenty-five American soldiers in the Philippines have died of cholera.

The United States Government magazine in Boston Harbor exploded, killing one soldier, and severely injuring others.

The mines of the Pocahontas Colliery Company, at Bramwell, W. Va., were fired by strikers.

A host of the strikers have resumed work at Florence and business is resuming its normal condition.

## British Briefs.

Holyhead has entered a claim as a desirable terminus for the proposed fast Atlantic Canadian line.

Sir Christopher Furness is believed to be one of the moving spirits in the proposed British steel combination. It would cost £10,000,000 to buy up all the big British firms.

An explosion occurred at the Tredegar Iron Company's colliery, near Rhymney, Monmouthshire, while 112 men were underground. Sixteen are dead and seventeen are seriously injured.

Hooliganism is again increasing in several districts of South London. Outrages are committed in the chief thoroughfares by organized bands.

The British shipbuilding trade is said to be very much depressed.

Lord Strathcona and Lord Mountstephen have given to the King's Hospital Fund an endowment which now brings in £16,000 yearly, and is expected to increase in the near future.

Welsh mining men advise the British Admiralty to store coal under water to retain its calorific quality.

The British Trade Congress rejects a resolution favoring compulsory arbitration by 951,000 to 393,000 votes.

The west coast of England has been swept by violent gales, which have done much damage.

## International Items.

Reconstruction is proceeding much quicker and more easily in the Orange River Colony than in the Transvaal. The difficulties of amalgamating the Dutch and English elements have been nearly overcome, and everybody is apparently determined to settle down and obliterate, as far as possible, the recent bitterness.

General Cronje, who has lately returned from exile at St. Helena, said that during the war he had lost, from wounds and disease, twenty relatives. He believed the British and Dutch races would work amicably together for the development of the country.

Continuous rain in India is benefiting the crops.

In a vote on an educational question the Cape Ministry was defeated by 41 to 27.

It is estimated that 40 persons were drowned during Sunday's storm in Algea Bay, S.A.

The Swazis are threatening trouble in South Africa.

A strong earthquake shock, accompanied by subterranean rumblings, was felt in Atlantic.

Owing to the dock laborers' strike at Barcelona, ships had it impossible to discharge their cargoes.

Mont Pelée has been in constant eruption since August 15th. It is impossible to approach the ruined town of St. Pierre from the sea. The people of the village of Le Carbet, on the coast, are terror-stricken and flying to the interior. Hot water is pouring down on Lorrain and Basse Pointe villages to the north-east of the crater.

About 1,000 persons were killed and several hundred were injured as the result of a violent eruption of Mont Pelée on Saturday, August 20th, which destroyed Morné Rouge and Aloupa Boulton, two villages near Mont Pelée.

The revolutionary movement in favor of Mohammed, brother of the Sultan of Morocco, Moulay Abdel-Aziz, is spreading among the Berber tribes.

Earthquakes are reported from India and Southern France, and Vesuvius is active.

Lord Roberts, Generals French, Ian Hamilton, and Kelly-Kenny, Mr. Brodrick, British Secretary for War, and three United States Generals were guests of the Kaiser at the German army manoeuvres, in which 50,000 troops are engaged in a four days' sham battle.

The Haytian gunboat, Crete a Pierrot, was sunk for piracy in Gonaves harbor, after the crew had abandoned her, by order of the German gunboat Panther.

Anarchists in Spain celebrated the anniversary of the assassination of President McKinley.

There have been further and apparently valuable discoveries of coal beds at Rosario, in the Sudan.

While the foundations of the new barracks at Toulon, France, were being laid, the bones of more than 1,000 persons were discovered. They were in layers without trace of coffin.

A sharp fight took place in the Persian Gulf between a boat's crew of the British gunboat Lapping and a slave dhow. A blue-jacket was killed and several were wounded.

Prof. Virchow, the eminent German pathologist, is dead.

The Chilean Government has received an offer to buy the battleship Capitan Prat for \$3,000,000, and the armored cruiser Esmeralda for \$2,500,000. These offers are supposed to be made for Japan.

Picturesque and quaint Posen welcomed the German Emperor with remarkable cordially. The Poles, instead of looking on with sullen disdain, shouted themselves hoarse and enjoyed themselves as heartily as the Germans.

Russia is insisting upon sending four unarmed torpedo boats through the Dardanelles, in spite of the Port's objection.

A Boxer proclamation has been posted at Canton, inciting the slaughter of foreigners.

## A MINUTE WITH BRIG. SHARP

Easterners All Alive for Harvest Festival—New Corps to Be Opened.

Brigadier Sharp put in an appearance at the Territorial Headquarters the other day, and the sight of his face and the sound of his voice were as good as a tonic. To a great number of our comrades in the Territory it is not necessary to describe the Brigadier. Suffice it to say, then, to those few who have not yet had the pleasure of his acquaintance, that he is an all-around Salvationist, who carries with his very presence an inspiration that you are not likely soon to forget, and whom to know well is to love much. He is one of that happy breed of human beings who see no sorrows in the world than joys, seems untroubled by contentment wherever he may be placed, and is always enthusiastic in anything that pertains to the advancement of the Salvation war.

No wonder, then, we were glad to see him again and have a strong grip of his friendly hand.

We asked, "How goes the war in the East?" and were glad to learn that all was well. The topic of the hour, of course, was Harvest Festival, and naturally we queried what were the prospects.

"Oh, all right," replied the Brigadier. "It will need a pull, but you may be sure we shall come out on top."

"Of this we could not help but be certain, for when were those 'blonches' defeated? Many of them live too near the sea, where they oft feel the soft salt breezes blowing over their ruddy countenances, to be anything but hardy and energetic, sufficiently so to overcome all obstacles. But I am quite aware it is not all optimism in this case you require. He will then hasten to say, in answer to a further question as to the direction in which the war was advancing, he was told that in the near future three or four new Corps were to be opened—one as early as next week at Cape Flood, Cape Ardon, where there was a prospect of a good work being done for God.

The conversation, as you will have already gathered, was becoming decidedly interesting, when at that moment the door of the Chief Secretary's office opened and a stenographer's voice called out, "The Colonel will see you now." A second later, with a merry twinkle in his eye, the Brigadier had vanished, and thus came an abrupt termination to what promised to be an exceedingly interesting interview.—Fry.







THE LIFE OF

## COLONEL ARNOLIS WEERASOORIYA.

By Commander Booth Tucker.



(Continued.)

ARNOLIS accepted the new religion of his parents as a matter of course, and was sent for his education to a Christian college in Kandy, the capital of Ceylon. His father's idea was to give his eldest boy a first-class training, and then obtain for him either a Government position or start him in life as a merchant, lawyer or business man. He was not unwilling, however, that his son should become an ordained preacher of the Gospel in the church of which he was a member, believing that his talent and education would enable him to rise to the highest positions available for a native.

It seemed that his anticipations would be abundantly realized, for young Weerasooriya bore an excellent character in his college and was beloved by all, and showed that he possessed brilliant abilities. A copy of the life of Haslem fell into his hands, and in reading it he became deeply convicted of sin. He realized that while professing Christianity, reading his Bible, saying his prayers and attending church, he had never really been converted. He was horrified at his position. He turned for spiritual advice to some of those around him, but instead of seeking to deepen his convictions they sought to allay his alarm and make him contented with his condition. But he persisted that he was not really saved, and began to doubt whether or not his spiritual advisers had ever experienced a real change of heart. By day and night he consciously cried out to God for salvation.

Suddenly the light from Heaven flashed in upon his soul. He was attending a public service in the church. His soul was in an agony of conviction. Suddenly he seemed to hear a voice saying, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." A flood of holy joy swept over his soul. He looked proudly around, his face beaming with joy, and felt like saying, "Don't you know, I am the child of a King!"

The meeting was scarcely over when he rushed to his pastor, and to various other friends in the college, and told them the joyful news that his sins were forgiven, he was a child of God. Some were glad, some were incredulous. Some assured him the feelings would soon wear away. But nothing would quench his enthusiasm. He commenced holding meetings in his own room—singing, speaking, praying—unaided. He dared not ask for any aid lest the Spirit should be grieved! Some of the boys gathered round his door to witness this strange spectacle. Suddenly they were in turn overwhelmed with conviction, and cried to God for mercy. The news flew through the college. The room was soon crowded out—more space was required. The leaders of the college became interested in the wonderful movement. But their fear of excitement and lack of freedom soon made young Weerasooriya feel that he could get on better without their aid.

Just at this critical moment the news reached the college that a representative of the Salvation Army was about to visit Kandy. Weerasooriya was one of the first to welcome him. The papers had been filled with accounts of the new movement. The landing of the first party of Salvationists in Bombay, their arrest, prosecution and imprisonment, had stirred the entire European and native community throughout India and Ceylon from its centre to its circumference. Hence, when the sole representative of the Army, Captain Gladwin, reached Kandy an immense crowd gathered to welcome him and to hear from him the story of the Army's work. Not only did he preach salvation with a simplicity and force that had seldom been known in Kandy, but he explained the Army teachings regarding holiness and the blessing of a clean heart. This was like a new gospel to young Weerasooriya. To believe was to accept, about what is right and what is wrong; about God, and Jesus Christ,

beautifully and persistently demonstrated that by his spotless and devoted life.

When first he was converted, so powerful and overwhelming was the love for his Saviour that swept over his strong nature that he wrote the word JESUS in large letters on separate sheets of paper, and pressed each letter of the word passionately in his hand. From that moment a holy sort of jealousy seemed to take hold of his heart that none on earth should love his Saviour better than himself. He would look round eagerly to see whether he could find among his acquaintances or fellow-townsmen any who loved Jesus better than himself, and would then set to work with earnest rivalry to create and prove his greater love. Then he would seize the books which told of the lives of the greatest earthly saints, and would seek to surpass their devotion.

On such an ardent nature we can well imagine what was the effect produced by the sight of a white man dressed in the Hindoo costume, dis-

carding his own national habits in order that he might win souls to Jesus.

Up to this moment he had felt well able to keep abreast of the foremost professing Christians in Ceylon, and prove to the satisfaction of his heart that he loved Jesus even better than the best. But here was a new light, a new example, which tested his sincerity to the utmost. He had been brought up in the lap of luxury, had been taught to admire European civilization and to regard it as part and parcel of his Christianity. He had discarded his native dress and customs, and had become as strangely prejudiced in favor of his new habits as though he had been brought up in them from infancy.

Moreover, the adoption of a European style undoubtedly gave him with the ruling classes a prestige which as an ordinary native he would not possess, and was likely to be helpful to him in his future career.

But here was a man who evidently loved Christ better than himself. He could no longer claim for himself the first place in the affections of his fellow-townsmen. The very thought was tormenting. He could not bear it. His choice was made. He must himself be a Salvationist, he must discard his European garb, he must don the native uniform, he must become an officer.

(To be continued.)

## Letters from the General

To the Soldiers of the Salvation Army.

## ABOUT BEING SAVED.

Letter No. 7.—CONVERSION.

My Dear Comrades,—

You will remember that the purpose of the letters I have lately been writing is to show you what no Salvationists mean when we talk about being saved.

I have dealt with the blessing of "Forgiveness," and I now want to have a talk with you about "Conversion," which is, in my estimation, an equally important theme. Indeed, I am not sure whether as a subject it is not even more important to us as a people in particular, and to the world in general, than forgiveness, because it seems of late to have dropped so very much out of notice in the bulk of the "bunches." I fear that you will very seldom hear the topic mentioned outside our borders.

Many preachers and writers have much to say about the love of God, and the death of Christ, and the desirability of being good, and just, and true; but very few dwell particularly or frequently on the subject of that "New Birth" which is created by the Holy Spirit, and of which the Saviour spoke so plainly. And yet without its possession anything like true spiritual joy and holy living are simply impossible. And alas! even where conversion is commonly spoken of, and professedly believed in, I am afraid that the notions respecting it are often very mistaken and in some cases positively false and misleading.

This applies, I am afraid, to some Salvationists, and to make them understand better what it is to be converted is one of the objects of this letter.

Now you will know that to be converted is to be changed. It is to be made different from what you were before. If a man goes to the mercy seat, or kneels down in his own chamber and repents of his sins, and exercises saving faith in Christ, he will be converted. What does that mean? What has happened to the man who has been converted? Let me try and show you this.

And first, let me say that conversion does not consist in a change of opinions. A change of opinions, and that often to a very remarkable extent, follows conversion, if it does not actually accompany it, but it does not constitute conversion. Many unconverted people learn a great deal more than the converted people do. There can be any amount of knowledge about what is right and what is wrong; about God, and Jesus Christ, and

and duty, and indeed about almost every other religious subject, without conversion.

In the seventh chapter of Romans we have a description of a man whose head is full of knowledge, but whose heart has not been changed. That is, a man who, though concerned about religion, has not been converted. He sees the sort of life he ought to live, he desires it, condemns himself because he does not realize it, but he has not power to act up to his conviction of duty. He has the light, but he has not the ability required to walk in it. He cries out, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." He knows his Master's will, but does it not. What is he to do? Is he merely to get to know that he will more perfectly? No, his first duty is to seek the power to do it. He will get that in conversion.

Neither does a change of doctrine or belief always mean conversion. For instance, a man may change over from being a Roman Catholic to being a Protestant, or from being a heathen to being a Christian, and if it is only a change of belief to which he attains, he will be very little, if any, nearer to the heart of Jesus Christ and the life of the Spirit than he was before. There is nothing gained by holding the truth in unrighteousness.

Conversion does not consist merely in a change of bodily habits. When those habits have been evil, conversion will ensure such a change, and that in a most remarkable degree. It is quite common amongst us, as you all know, for men who have been the slaves of drink and opium, and of many other evil indulgences, to lose the unnatural appetite for these things at the moment of their conversion, but still a man can even overcome these slavish things and yet stop short of being converted.

Conversion is not repentance. Repentance is a condition of conversion, but it is possible to repent without going on to a realization of that marvellous change which we are speaking of.

A man may be very sorry about his past sins, and go to the penitential form and weep and pray, and be forgiven, and yet never be converted.

There is little doubt about that being the actual history of multitudes of the people we see about us, who are off and on with religion all their lives. God is always waking them up by deathbeds, by sicknesses or losses, by stirrings of His Spirit, and ap-

peals from the platform. On these occasions they weep, and pray, and promise, and then directly afterwards go back to the same state that they were in before. They are penitent, sincerely penitent for the time, but they stop short of getting converted, and so, being just as weak as they were before, they naturally lapse into their former condition.

Conversion is not forgiveness. Forgiveness of sin always goes with it; indeed, when you think about conversion you think about forgiveness at the same time. They are twin blessings, and walk into a man's soul at the same moment, forgiveness leading the way. But although nearly related and always found together, they differ materially.

If you could have one without the other you would find a great difference. You can easily imagine that a man might have all his past sins pardoned; have a clean slate, as it were; but if that were all, when the nice feelings had passed and the old temptations came he being the same man would fall into the same or similar sins, and soon pile up a new record similar to that just washed away. He wants to be made a different man in order to lead a different life. That is, he needs conversion.

Forgiveness is something that God does outside of a man. Conversion is something that He does inside of him. In forgiveness He blots out the record of his transgressions, saves him from the condemnation of sin, writes his name in the Book of Life, and makes him a citizen of the New Jerusalem. In conversion He changes his nature, makes him hate the old things that before he loved, and love the good things that before he hated. Conversion and forgiveness go together, they are never parted—but they are not the same.

Conversion is the doctrine of the Bible. All the teaching of Jesus Christ and His Apostles proceeds on the assumption that the real Christian has undergone a change of heart. Jesus Christ taught this truth explicitly when He said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God." That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again." And again, when He said, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven."

The sum of this teaching is—First, that to become a child of God, a man must experience an inward change so real and great as to be comparable to being born afresh; secondly, this change can only be effected by the power of the Holy Spirit; and thirdly, that without it no man can possess the life or experience, or the blessings, or have the power enjoyed by the members of the Kingdom of Heaven in this world or in the world to come. Conversion is a wonderful experience, and it is an absolute necessity.

To be converted, then, is to have a change of heart. And with a changed heart there will be a changed life. The heart controls and determines the character of the life. Selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish hearts make it impossible for those who possess them to live other than selfish, proud, revengeful, ambitious, worldly, devilish lives. But so, pure, and humble, and heavenly, in short, Christ-like hearts, ensure pure, humble, benevolent and Christ-like lives.

## MEMBERS IN PARTICULAR.

"Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." There are two great truths that Christians need to learn. First, the Body is one; and, each Christian is a member in particular, having his special office. None can say to another, "I have no need of thee." We are sent to expect all to perform the same part of the work, but God hath set the members in the Body as it hath pleased Him. Their usefulness depends on keeping in their place.—Fire Brand.

The delights of heaven may be fashioned out of the disappointments of earth.





# The Song of the City.

By EVANGELINE BOOTH, Commissioner.

"I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—Rev. xi., 2, 3.



NO ONE would dispute or wish to question the all-pervailing influence and far-reaching power of music.

God Himself so loved it, and so realized its capacity to magnify joy or intensify sorrow that when He made three worlds He filled two with its songs, its strains, its trills, and its ripples, and the other with its dirges, its minors, and its eternal vibrations of its discordant sounds. When my fighting days are done, and from this field of service I am called to the world beyond, I shall listen with no little eagerness to hear how even heaven's music can outlive the enchanting beauties of earth's.

So strong is the passion for music within me that no robin can sing its evening lay, or bee hum or its gatherings through flowery beds, or squirrel chatter compete with the sharp tone of the woodpecker, but that my whole being is thrilled with gratitude to God for the ten thousand musical boxes swung upon tree branches, and lodged on the hillsides. Music everywhere—do we not move and sleep in one vast orchestra? In the silence of the night, as our Bible reminds us, "the stars of heaven sing together," and with the breaking of the morning, ten thousand harmonies vibrate 'neath the touch of gentle breezes, giving the key-note to awakening musicians a-nestle in the foliage. All music, music! Forests harp it on a thousand strings—the waters sound in amongst the crags—the thunders drum it across the hills—the oceans peal it forth, while hurricanes supply the wind for their great organs.

Ah, the music of our natural world is surpassing sweet, grand, and glorious, and the humblest and poorest have a place in the palace of its great orchestra without anything to pay!

In the battle of Gettysburg, when shot and shell had shivered the hills around, and made heavy concessions through the air, there was almost an unaccountable lull in the storm of fiery hail, and for a moment silence prevailed; when lighted upon a small branch extending over the fighting line, a bird warbled what seemed to the men engaged in the war its sweetest song, and the historian tells us tears started from many eyes. So in the bivouac of our daily conflict with sorrow and sin, there have been the notes of some song—perhaps the song of the falling autumn leaves, telling of the grave—perhaps the song of a new spring dawn telling of resurrection—perhaps a mother's song—perhaps a dying song—perhaps a heavenly song which escaped through the gates as a saint passed in—all calling us to peace.

## THERE ARE THE SONGS OF THE WORLD.

ALL ages have bowed, wept, and smiled 'neath the torrents of composition which have poured forth from the impassioned soul of musical talent, compositions that have swept through lands, crossed waters, echoed in domes, vibrated in towers, and tapped bellfries, stirring and swaying millions.

I say all music is grand and beautiful. It all finds its origin in the instrument of love in God's own bosom, and if not perverted by evil use, would lead up to righteousness and heaven.

But the one complaint we have to make of all this music of the world is, it does not, it has not that germ within it which makes it to remain with us a live power. Too often when its cheering and lifting element is needed most, we find it gone, both beyond our reach and calling, and even sometimes are we left the sadder for its memory.

The dance music, to which the feet, in excited whirl, have stepped till early morn, the ring of the concert which for a passing hour has held the spirit enchained and enchanted, and the merry song of the opera which may fascinate for a night, is all too soon drowned in the rattle of life's stern battle-wheel.

The musical talent of France was represented in that mighty concourse which gathered at Paris to do honor to the pride of their country, Rossini, who contributed to the musical world that treasured composition entitled, "William Tell." The musicians, inspired by the object of the occasion, played the famous selection as perhaps never before or since, and in the hour of triumph, when skill would have crowned skill, all looked for the flash of pride upon the cheek of the great composer; but Rossini wept, and throwing out his hands towards his friends, said: "All, all this would I give for a few days of the past, and peace!"

But not so with Redemption's Song! The song of which I write—the song of which my verse speaks, "The Song of the City"—"The New Song,"—the Bible tells us no man can learn it but the redeemed. At the great tribunal it will be too late. There will be no catching the key-note, no getting into the swing, no finding our place in the harmony, no keeping the time, no learning it, no singing it, no crowning by it, but for the redeemed!

I see, therefore, this song is Redemption's Song—the song of Righteousness, Truth, Love, and Praise, and as all music is derived from seven notes, so all

the harmonies found in Christianity can be taken from the seven letters of that word with which the saint shall overcome the world.

I see that it is from that Redemption's Song that we get the key-note for all our Christian singing the world round. This song gives the right pitch for the penitent's hymn, lifting millions from darkness to light; for the sufferer's ward, cooling the burning pillow; for the hermit's hut, putting a light in the window that shines from a lubricant that will never burn out; that gives the dying the note for the resurrection anthem when they step the valley.

I have heard of people starting to write the history of religious songs. I think it is a very beautiful idea, but how can they do it? All the triumphs of the church are in them, all the sobs of the penitents, all the patience of the cross-bearers, all the love of the saints, all the persecution suffered, tears dropped, hardships borne, battles won; all the peace, and joy, and clapping of hands. Who could write the history of Christian songs? Let me just mention one—"Rock of Ages." Could any pen tell its full story and bring in a final chapter? What traveler has graced as many homesteads, learned as many languages, tapped as many hearts, and been more welcome in King's palace or hermit's hut than "Rock of Ages?"

Let all the libraries of the world throw open their doors and march out the long procession of literature of all ages—the late books, and the old books, with their brown edges, Roman type, and brass hinges; those that lived the longest are near the front, but I see marching ahead is "Rock of Ages."

Well, but you say, look at all these books! Look at the pyramid they lift!

Books on theology, books on analogy, books on anatomy, books on science, books on art, books on astronomy; look at all these novels, some with fifteen and twenty editions, some written in so many different languages and dialects! Look at the height to which this huge pile lifts its head.

Still, I climb up a ladder, not of fancy, or even faith, but fact, and place on the pinnacle "Rock of Ages." Do you know why? History tells us that only two books have traveled as far as this one song—one the Bible, the other "Pilgrim's Progress."

*Rock of Ages, lift for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the water and the blood  
From Thy wounded side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.*

The song for the young, and the song for the aged, for the pauper and for the palace.

When Prince Consort was dying he asked that this song should be repeated to him again and again, saying, "If I had only my worldly honors and dignities to depend upon in this hour I should indeed be poor."

The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered a little time back in Constantinople crowded together in a church previous to the massacre, and through the dark midnight hours sang it.

When the "London" went down, the last voice heard as the doomed vessel sank beneath the waves was singing "Let me hide myself in Thee."

In one of the South African engagements an ambulance officer just reached a dying soldier in time to hear him say, as the blood gushed from temple and mouth, "Save from wrath and make me pure."

A very well-dressed gentleman asked a small boy, whose feet, and arms, and neck were bare, what piece of paper was that he was so carefully folding upon the kerseyway. The ragged lad, holding up the soiled pamphlet which held the words of this immortal song, to the enquirer said, "Give it back, sir; mother wants it to die on."

Oh song upon the great truth of which tens of thousands have lived, and tens of thousands have died! No angel's pen could write thy full story which has for thy origin Redemption's Song.

## PENITENCE THE KEY-NOTE.

LEARN that the key-note to this new song is the plea of the penitent. No cry arresting quicker the ear of God than that of the penitent. 'Midst the discord and din of Calvary, the stone-pelt and blood-drop, Christ heard the dying thief ask for pardon.

Since that hour, from the darkness of a felon's cell—from the streets of want and woe—from earth's most wretched, most destitute, most forsaken places, where hearts have ached the most, and souls have lost the most of virtue, of innocence, of hope, men and devils, and angels have proved He has heard the penitent's plea.

(Continued on page 12).

their minds in a very decided manner, and have saved God over their heads, took the important step. Two sons of the late Pastor Rollier, and themselves pastors.

When the Army opened fire in the island we were met with a storm of persecution almost unparalleled. Rollier at that time held a professorship, and for twenty-four years had charge of the parish of St. Anne. Because of his outspoken utterance in favor of the work of the Army, he was removed from his professorship, and a shameful attack made upon him by members of his own parish caused him not to be re-elected at the next pastoral election.

## West India.

Small-pox is prevalent in the West Indies, and was the cause of Commissioner Cadman being quarantined there for some little time. He was to St. Lucia, in consequence of the epidemic, had to be cautious, and general business interfered. While in the vicinity of the Commissioner was also anxious to pay a visit to the Island of Martinique, but such was disappointment. We further learn that ultimately the only way open in the direction of going to Trinidad by a small schooner of 50 tons; and this would necessitate isolation for fourteen days. The "Wild Rover" was a mixture of cargo; hides, pointers, poultry, pigs, etc. She, however, was bound for Trinidad, and with the other business gentlemen, the Commissioner and his Secretary, booked their passages along with 25 deck chairs, who are usually termed specialists. The first night there was a small party followed by a calm the next day, when they found themselves miles behind the distance at first made, and not until the fourth day were they able to reach Trinidad.

## Red-Hots at Tweed.

(Special.)

Again on the war path, this time at Tweed for ten days. Sunday was had a glorious start. Barracks fired twice, although it was intensely hot. Much conviction seized the congregations, some of which were in tears. One claimed full salvation in the morning meeting. Four for pardon in the afternoon and three at night, making eight for the day. Prospects seem bright for a spiritual upheaval. Hallelujah!—Brigadier Pugmire.

## THE LATEST.

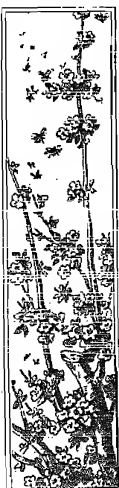
We are awaiting marvelous occurrences in connection with our revival services in Tweed. Tuesday's speakers last meeting, some rather in tears. Great excitement in town. Wind-up tonight with enlistment of recruits under the flag. Full participation later.—Brigadier Pugmire.

## C. O. P. Chancellor at the Temple.

(Special.)

Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Cass conducted a series of very special meetings at the Temple at the last weekend. The Staff-Captain's different addresses during the day were very pointed and powerful. The crowds and finances were also very gratifying features of the day's campaign. The latter was the highest for some months. Large numbers of visitors present from all parts, especially from Uncle Sam's Domain. The open-air and indoor crowds were very large. People flocked around the open-air in hundreds and paid the very best attention. Two open-air at night. Large hall filled for evening service. Band rendered good service all day. Three souls came forward during the meetings.

We were pleased to have a number of Headquarters officers with us during the day, among the number being Brigadier and Mrs. Cassin. Captain Fynn has been appointed to assist at the Temple, and we extend to him a hearty welcome.—D. W. Peacock.



THROUGH THE  
DISTRICT

Dillon,  
arriving in time for the  
Stevens and Cadet R.  
hard fight here in eve



## THROUGH THE BUTTE DISTRICT.

I left the home ranch, Great Falls, on Monday, August 18th, at three p.m. on the Great Northern Flyer, for

## The State Capital,

Helena, which was my first appointment in the Pacific Province some six years ago. I was met at the depot by Adjutant Yerex, who was an officer of mine seventeen years ago and is now in charge of Helena. This place has seen better days, both commercially and spiritually. At the present time our warfare is very hard. Still, the officers are in good spirits and doing their best for God and the advancement of His Kingdom. One great difficulty with our work in the West at this time of the year is that most of our people go away in the country, and the officers have to stand almost alone. We had a good, stirring open-air and a fairly good meeting inside, but no one yielded to the claims of Jehovah. Thank God for some old reliable who stand by the flag. In the morning I left for

## The Garden City,

Missoula. Capt. Quirt was at the depot to meet me. Capt. Galt was preparing dinner when we arrived at the quarters about 2:15 p.m. We also met Capt. Wilcox, who has just returned from Dawson City. After dinner and a little chat regarding the S.A. war both in the city and in the country, we attended to our official duties. I shall not forget my last visit to Missoula some three years ago. My old friend Adjt. Hay was there resting, and in the afternoon he kindly showed me to the top of Jumbo. Now, to those who do not know what Jumbo is, I would say it is a high mountain bearing the shape of an elephant. For the next few days I can assure you the muscles of my limbs were very much out of order. I did not climb Jumbo this time—oh, no! I also met an old pupil of mine, Capt. Kenney. I am believing he will soon be at a rousing open-air here. We had a good crowd gathered around. We had a fair crowd inside, and managed to keep the people wide awake. The D.O. had a new name given him, "Volcano." A good spirit permeated the meeting. Conviction was manifest, but none would surrender. I had to leave at ten-thirty p.m. for my next appointment—Butte. Who has not heard of this?

## Great Mining Camp,

the wonder of the West? This is also an old battleground of mine; in fact, twice I have been on deck there. I arrived about four a.m., and an old convert of mine when stationed here some five and one-half years ago, met me at the depot. This was not the first kind act of Donald towards me. He had met us before on our second appointment to Butte, arriving at one-thirty a.m. On arriving at the quarters, Cadet Knudson was up and had a little refreshment ready for the early visitor. Capt. Hurst was away with her Treasurer, a noble woman, collecting for H.P. Sister Mrs. Rundle was the Cadet's companion. After a few hours' rest we commenced our duties. My old reliable Sergt.-Major called to see me as he was on night shift and would not be able to get to the meeting. God bless Sergt.-Major Pearce! Our forces in the open-air at night were small on account of many working. However, a good crowd gathered around us. The D.O., I suppose by his out-of-the-rut style, standing on a chair with cap and coat off, attracted a few of the more inquisitive ones to come and see what was up. A good crowd assembled inside (to my mind the best we have had for some time in Butte). Mother Thomas still keeps well to the front, in circumstances. After a hard-fought battle we could not count on any surrenders. We had several hours at our disposal before leaving for our next appointment—Dillon. I saw many improvements in Dillon, but still sin is as rampant as ever. I left at four-fifty p.m. for

## Dillon,

arriving in time for the open-air. Capt. Stevens and Cadet Rickard have a hard fight here in every way. God

## ARE YOU GOING TO SEE AND HEAR

## THE GENERAL?

PAGE 15 WILL TELL YOU PLACES AND DATES.

bless them! We had a large crowd in the open-air, and the stenographer voice of the visitor brought the bar-tenders and barbers to their doors. We marched away to our little hall, but none followed. The barracks is too much out of the way for the crowd to come, but I understand it is the best we can get at the present time. We did our best to cheer everyone up in the hard struggle for victory. We should have left at midnight, but the train was two and one-half hours late, arriving in Butte about five a.m. After a little rest and some refreshments we leave the smoky city for

## The Smelter City,

Great Falls, arriving about four p.m. My dear wife was at the depot, anxiously waiting for me, as she had been holding the fort almost single-handed. Nearly all of our comrades are away in the country. We were alone for our meeting this night, but we had a good time, one soul and three dollars offering.—Mark Ayre.

## G.B.M. Notes.

## WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

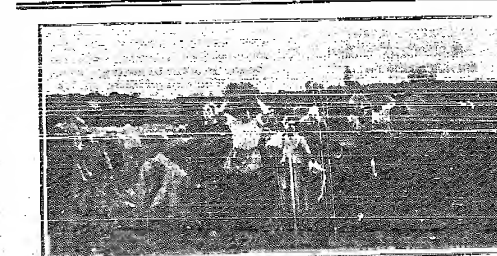
By ENSIGN WM. WHITE.

I am still on the warpath, and have visited several places since last report. At Seaford Capt. and Mrs. Rock hold the fort. They are getting on fairly well. The lantern service, "Alone in Liverpool," was enjoyed by those present, but the crowd was small. The local agents take an interest in their work, and the box returns were very good.

Mitchell came next. Mrs. Timms very kindly arranged for the meeting here, and also looked well after my temporal needs. May God bless our comrades in this place.

Clinton is an old battleground of mine. I was glad to meet old comrades, shake their hands and bid them once again God-speed in the war. The lantern service was very well attended, and a good income was realized. Capt. Hogan was without a Lieutenant, but God is blessing him and will stand by him. Mrs. Clark is the local agent, and Mother Agnew looked after my temporal needs.

At Goderich I found Captain and Mrs. Coy, who have just taken command of the Corps. They already have a good hold upon the people, and some souls have been saved. The lantern service was a very good success. Mother Smith, the local agent, has still an interest in her work, and with her assistant, is pushing the G.B.M. boxes.



Recall of the Gleaners.

Wingham was next visited. Capt. and Mrs. Bishop had just gone to their home through sickness. May they soon be restored to the fight! Lieut. Richardson has arrived to help up the work in this place. May God bless him and give him a great victory!

The attendance at the service was small, but we will likely do better next time.

At Listowel I spent the week-end with Capt. Bonney and his comrades, and we had a very good time. Father Tremblin, an old veteran in the war, is the local agent, and takes a great interest in his work. His return for the quarter were very good. I was visited at Sergt.-Major Carters, who looked well after my needs. May God bless all the Listowel braves!

Capt. and Mrs. Dowell are in charge of Palmerston. The meeting and the results were very good. Push on, comrades, in the battle.

At Drayton we had a good time, and the lantern service was enjoyed.

I found Adjt. and Mrs. Cameron of Guelph very kind and considerate. The lantern service was very well attended, and I think was enjoyed by all present. In the absence of the local agent, the Cadet very kindly consented to collect in the meeting.

At Berlin Lieut. Murray leads the way. We had a very nice time, taking everything into consideration. Sergt. Major Oberer is the local agent and is doing very well.

I spent Saturday and Sunday at Galt with Capt. and Mrs. Burton, and a real good and pleasant time we had. The lantern meeting on Saturday night was fairly well attended. On Sunday the meetings were good right from the kneec-drill to the close of the day.

The writer is keeping happy and nicely saved.

## EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

By CAPT. J. POOLE.

## Millbrook,

Mrs. Russell has made a good improvement on any previous quarter by an increase of \$153. A very good service was held at Sandy Hook the outpost. All enjoyed the week-end meetings.

## Port Hope.

Seeing the G.B.M. Agent was not on duty here, Capt. Brimmon very kindly got in all returns from the boxes. There was a total of \$8.32.

This is a slight improvement. Mr. Cumberland was the leading box holder, her box containing \$1.42. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

## Cobourg.

We cannot help but admire the brave work that is being done here by Miss A. Hornback, one of our new Agents. Her returns came promptly to hand, with an increase of \$1.01. This Agent has an eye to business. May God continue to bless her!

## Trenton.

An eminent G.B.M. Agent is Mrs. Quackenbush. We highly appreciate the continued toil and interest of this energetic Local Agent. Trenton in the past year, under the supervision of Mrs. Quackenbush, has made some good improvements. The returns have gone up quarterly from 75 cents, one dollar, etc., to \$6.83. God bless such valor! The box at the C.O.R. depot had the best collection, \$1.28. Mr. J. Sharle, drug-gist, came second with \$1.20.

## Campbelford.

"The Lord is still with us." A man once prayed, "O Lord, I thank Thee that I have enjoyed Thy presence on the water, in the water and under the water." An explanation was asked, and the sailor explained: "I was once on a voyage and I found God on the sea. I was wrecked and He was my friend in the water; and I became a diver and had His presence with me under the water." Faith never goes home with an empty basket. Faith and works combined must bring the victory. Our young Corps-Cadet and G.B.M. Agent, Beatrice Frederick, is by no means laboring without a hope, and the baskets are being filled, and the Lord is with her, about the average being the result for September quarter.

## Deseronto.

Another new G.B.M. Agent takes up the work here. Though Miss Rosamond Presley is not a soldier of the Army, she is a firm believer in our Social Work, and takes pleasure in doing her best to try and secure funds to push on this work. Deseronto reaches a mark this quarter that has not been surpassed for years. Miss Presley has done well by making an advance of \$2.69 on last quarter.

## Picton.

There was not a cloud on the smiling face of Brother Inesley, our Local Agent for Picton. A number of our new glass boxes were placed in prominent business places, and the results have been good, a total of \$6.72 being collected. The Royal Hotel box had the largest collection, \$1.25.

## Napanea.

The returns exceeded last quarter by a small amount, but there exists a feeling that we must do much more here. Mrs. Hays' ambition runs high in the way of trying to secure a number of new box holders. Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. May God bless every G.B.M. Agent!

## Bright Testimonies.

Selkirk—Revival fire still burns, and is made manifest in the glorious fact that five souls sought and found Christ during the last week. Glory be to God! They all seem to be real good cases, and give bright and certain testimonies of the work that is done in their souls. Hallelujah! We are believing for greater victories in the future, holding God to His Word.—W. J. M. for Capt. G. R.

## Good Tent Meetings.

Spokane—In spite of the many attractions, we are having good times. The interest is good. Crowds attend our open-air and drink in the truth. Our tent meetings are very well attended. God's Spirit is taking hold of the hearts of the people, and souls are seeking salvation every week. We have started the string band, with Bro. Dick Whittmore in charge, and the brass band is doing nicely under the management of Bandmaster Frost. Everything seems to be pointing in the right direction for a good work to be done.—Sunlight.

## The Song of the City.

(Continued from page 1.)

Here is a man; for forty years his life has been a wreck; full of guilt and badness. You say, as you look at his shaming countenance, what blotched out that record of sin and shame? He answers, "The penitent's cry!"

Here is a girl. She was sorely tempted and she fell. Devils hounded when the crash came, but her heart broke and her soul was almost gone. As you look upon the ripples playing over her features, you ask, with much surprise, what carried that burden, and put back that star-like light into the eyes, and put the merry into the lips; the angels will take it upon themselves to answer, and cry, "The penitent's tear."

Here is a professed Christian; I mean he called himself a Christian for fifteen years, but he had dark, hidden sin underneath, sins of a deep stain, and his conscience never left off lashing him. You ask, what took the sting out of that conscience, and put in happiness which rivals all the poor fading joys of this world—the answer is, "The penitent's plea."

Here is a backslider—the saddest of all sinners. You ask what forgave those many sins, what rebuked the tears that shook the pillars of unbelief in ten thousand hearts—the answer comes as with Samson, "The penitent's prayer." Do you remember Samson? I fancy I can see him—shorn of his strength, bereft of his sight, hopeless, despairing, led out by a boy to add to the sport of the great Philistine fete day. With trembling limb he is brought to the pillars of the great temple, amidst the ribald shouts and contemptuous laughter caused by the changed appearance of their distinguished foe. Old memories stir and speak of the unchanging ability of the love of God and with the breaking of a penitent's heart, he lifts his eyelids sockets to the open heavens, and by that eye of faith by which the seeker can always find the face of his God, cries, "Just this once, O Lord, just this once, and the victory of his death was greater than the victory of his life."

Ah, this is the way to strength, to happiness, to goodness! This is the way, the only way to become a child of God. This is the first gate to the road that leads to heaven. It can only be opened by the key of the penitent.

What about my work? says somebody. I sing in the choir, I give to the poor, I do a great many things that are good and right. Trust not to the labor of your hands, the Bible says, but "do those works which are meet for repentance."

"Do you know how many 'Comes' there are in the Bible? Six hundred and forty-two, and everyone is written in reply to the seeking plea of a penitent's heart."

### THE NOTE OF FORGIVENESS.

The second note in this Redemption's Song, is the song of the forgiveness.

In every song there are those stanzas that we like the best. The part that I consider the prettiest and sweetest in the new song is that which strikes the chord Redeemed. David thought the same when he struck his harp and composed that chorus, "Blessed is the man whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." One great provision that God made for dealing with sin was to forgive it. Sin came sweeping as a death tide through the world, blighting hopes, wrecking homes, breaking hearts, killing the children, filling the prisons, crowding the lunatic asylums. Sin—no power greater outside of heaven! No stinging keener outside of hell. Is there no arm strong enough to turn the tide? Yes! the spike-torn arm of Calvary! Is there no strength strong enough to bring deliverance? Yes! the strengthening found in the love of a crucified Lord, when a whole world of agony combined into one thunderbolt smote through his heart, He cried, "Father, forgive them."

To cover your sin is no good—actions of thousands have proved this. The spade of the grave-digger will dig it up. To deny it is equally useless. God's record keeps the account. To forget it—yes, you may do so—many do, but God never forgets. There is nothing for you to do but to bring it to Jesus and get it forgiven. Don't try to comfort yourself by saying you are not so bad as somebody else. This will be poor, poor comfort when you stand with your feet in the wet gravel of the tomb.

From a certain part of a particular mountain in Switzerland any sentence you may speak will be echoed distinctly fifteen times.

From Golgotha hill this cry, "Forgive us, Father," has been echoed in any and every place where there is the throbbing of a human soul.

### VICTORY IN DEATH.

THE Redemption's Song is the song of victory in death.

Death! That one great hour when the mightiest of all life sets into that valley which all must tread, which needs a light more than all the shady places of time. Those dark gates through which every soul must pass, when a greater wait than every wait of the present life is to have someone to go with you. When the strong get there, their strength is gone, and they are weak. When the great get there, their greatness is gone, and they are small. When the rich get there, their riches are gone, and they are poor.

One great hour, filled with foreboding, no matter how sweet on earth, cannot find their sweetness then. Wealth, no matter how prized in life, cannot be bothered with money in death. Friends, well, all you have to say to them is good-bye; they cannot come one step further now. The few of an everlasting day is on the horizon; the pressure of an endless eternity impedes the pulse. The dimness of approaching night rests on the eye. An icy river chills the feet. The heart but throbs the death-knell—all's over—'all's gone.' The day is closed, the sun is down, down behind the hills. Face too pale for color, lips too stiff to speak, hands too heavy to raise, limbs too rigid to move, eyes too blind to see—all gone, it is death—death!

Children left, wife left, business left, small left, city left, all for the grave! Is there anything can take away the sting of death?—nothing gives victory over the grave? A shout from the millions who have Jordan passed cry, "Yes, in this hour, yes!"

We have all listened to the final chords, concluding grand selections, how each surpasses each in strength, in power, in beauty, until the whole being vibrates with responsive harmony. So in this Redemption's Song, its completion is only reached when earth's damp ban is drag off the soul's encumbering wrappings, and faith finds its consummation in light.

John Huss told his friend, whose spirit was liberated with anticipation of the martyr's sufferings, to watch him carefully when he would be at the stake, promising to give him some sign if he found the torturing death was worse than his natural flesh and blood expected. When the time drew near for the faggots to be lit round the form of the martyr, the pale face of his friend, with protruding eyes and drawn features, depicting the anguish of mind through which he was passing, could no longer pressing to the front of the crowd of spectators which gathered to see how the martyr would die. To the surprise of all, John Huss lifted his right arm, all at once, to the left arm, up which the fiery tongues were creeping, then clapping his hands, shouted to his life-long companion in the crowd, "Friend, tell the world, even in the fire it is all right with Jesus!"

Popkirk, the composer of "Rock of Ages" in his expiring moments cried, "Light!" The last instant of breathing, with uplifted hands exclaimed, "Light, light!" and the gates of the city of God, where the sun never sets, closed behind him.

As the lamp God hangs in the midnight sky casts its silvery rays on the lakes, and rivers, and seas, so for the saint the waves of Jordan shall be lit with the down-flashing of the glory to come.

Your dying day is coming. Life will soon be lived; its opportunities soon

passed, its chances soon gone. Death will soon ask your hand. Have you learnt Redemption's Song, that you may join in the chorus of the redeemed?

### THE NOTE OF TRIUMPH.

LASTLY, Redemption's Song is the song of the glorified. Some of us cannot sing very well down here. We never have been able to. Some of us who used to sing well have lost our voices; but, oh, how we shall sing when we join in the new song with those who are redeemed. The beauty of a great orchestra is composed by its different parts. So it will be in the great orchestra of heaven. The heavy basses will roll in, telling of battles fought, the war waged, Jordan crossed.

The seconds will come sweeping in of trials borne, tears wiped, griefs carried. The tenors strike out, our sins He bore, transgressions carried, our children He blessed. The sopranos come in with, He loved us, He took care of us. He kept us!

"He gave us joy where once was woe, He healed our souls and bade us go, Our bondage never more to know."

Then the basses peal, and all the hosts of heaven, with all the children before the throne, come in with the chorus—

"'Twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus, 'twas Jesus!"

We shall sing how He came from heaven to a stable to find us. We shall sing how with stone-bruised feet and storm-pelted body He died on Calvary to save us.

We shall sing how, in resurrection power, He opened heaven's gate to receive us.

The Song of the City will be Jesus! I want to be quite sure that I know it, for I shall want to throw all the strength of an immortal voice into it, when up from a myriad voices, and from a myriad harps, and from a myriad thrones, and from a myriad palaces there flashes up this stupendous outburst of song, this new song—Redemption's Song—the Song of the City.

Ah, do I hear somebody say:—

"If I still hold closely to Him, What hath He at last? Sorrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan passed!"

### Specials at the Prisons.

Staff-Capt. Archibald conducted the Sunday services at the Central Prison on a recent Sunday afternoon, also the usual Sunday service at the Mercer Reformatory. The inmates of these institutions paid the heat of attention, and expressed their appreciation of the singing, etc., in no uncertain sound. The officers are very kind at these institutions, and always render all the assistance possible.

The Staff-Capt. was assisted Capt. J. Russell and W. Peacock, also C.C. Eva Simpson.

### Staff-Captain and Mrs. Stanyon at Uxbridge.

What can be said of the visit of the Training Home Staff to Uxbridge? The week-end meetings were certainly all that could be desired. In addition to the Staff-Captains there were Capt. Treloar, Sister Maria Pons and little Faith Stanyon present. The officers in charge, Capt. C. and Lieut. Court-manche, who are carrying on a good work in this place, were recently commissioned Cadets, who looked eagerly forward to having a good time during the visit of their former principals. Large crowds attended both the open-air and inside meetings. \$12 was the income, and two young men came out crying for pardon on Sunday night. A pressing invitation was given for them to come again.—T.

Our Norwegian comrades who attended the General's meetings and councils in Christiansia had afterwards a very nice tea, at which was present the General, Colonels Lawley and Paulsen, Brigadier Mapp, and Major

## The First Harvest.

### A Thanksgiving

By STAFF-CAPT. F. MORRIS.

GIVING to the work of God should be counted one of the greatest joys that He has given to His people. Right through His Word we learn how God has blessed those who sacrificed unto His choicest gifts.

The story of Abel in giving the firstlings of his flock, in the fourth chapter of Genesis, sets before us an example that all may well follow, while the selfishness displayed in the offering of Cain shows us too clearly how God depletes those

Things Which Do Not Cost Us anything.

In this matter of giving there are Abel and Cain just as truly in the day as there were four thousand years before Christ. The man who emptied his gold sack into the collection plate of our little band on the streets of Dawson City, in far-off Klondike, and still wished he had more to give, showed at least a hint of the spirit in which we should offer our treasures to God.

Paul knew well what the truth of those words meant which he addressed to the elders of Ephesus when he said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." If a Salvation Army soldier, as a Christian, would do a little less asking and do more giving—give to the utmost of his ability, do it ungrudgingly, and as unto the Lord—we may be quite certain that God would not be slow in granting to us blessings in return. "God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. 9:4.

No one has a better opportunity than officers and soldiers of the Salvation Army of meeting with men of moderate means, and seeing fully exemplified some of the most useful of spirits, who would give of themselves if by so doing it would advance the Kingdom of Christ. I remember well, while out collecting for Harvest Festival, coming across a man away from home, with friends, with a scarcity of food and less than one dollar in his possession, who, when approached on the subject of Harvest Festival, ran at once to a small bag of very comfort, and forth

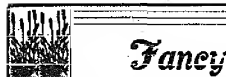
### A Well-Worn Purse

and took from the few silver pieces it contained the amount of fifty cents. An expression in his face told me plainly that he was anxious to give abundantly for the sacrifice he had made.

But alas! alas! while thousands such hearts dot the world over, crying into view now and again the cases in the desert, there are multitudes like Cain of old, who try to palm off on God things that are of little value. No better illustration of this can be found than by glancing in the Salvation Army, or other collecting plates, where coins are found many of which are extremely questionable. "Coppers play no small part in offerings. In the far West, where the latter are of little service, they are given more or less freely, and form another example of the grateful way some people treat God for all His goodness. How such conduct must displease Him. How utterly depraved we must be to offer anything but the best to the One who has redeemed us, the One who has blessed us with such a multitude of blessings every moment of our lives. And yet we give in return for all this oftentimes our worst.

Then again, what a task it is often to be the treasurer to gather in the Lord's money! There are duties to be sure, less income. And why should it be so? There is no reason why men and women should not give to the furtherance of the Kingdom a tenth part of what God has so graciously given them. By so doing the individual would be blessed, and the work of God would not suffer to such a great extent for the want of funds.

What is your name, dear reader? Is it like unto Abel, whom God doth love for his unselfish life, who has sown forth in the giving of the best of his flock, or like unto Cain, whose small and insignificant gifts were unacceptable to God?—T.



## Fancy

IN the quarters at the Cape alone; he had barely been in charge of his corps one month. Since the time, however, that he assumed command God had graciously honored his labors, many sinners been swept into the fount of life, too, the congregations at the barracks increased not a little. There were other signs of progress besides that should have gone to make the heart of the Captain; but as he sat shut in that small room with thoughts, he was much depressed, not his usual self, accounted for the fact that Bro. Coldwater had him a visit just fifteen minutes fore.

Now, in many ways Bro. Coldwater was not a bad sort of a chap; he was good to be found in his mess somewhere, if you could only get it—he had been a soldier for the fifteen years and was a faithful soldier, but he was awfully hard on the nerves, and never saw things just in the way. At any rate, you could say he quite certain he would always against the introduction of any new, or in a word, anything at all which meant extra expenditure of strength. It was desperately hard on him to see through schemes of kind. This Bro. Coldwater had own set ideas about things, and would have taken

The Strength of a Hercules to move him from the position took in regard to various matters which affected the corps from time to time.

The Captain had, just a short previous to the arrival of Bro. Coldwater, received a letter from the vicinal Officer, which read as follows:

"Dear Captain—  
"Harvest Festival, as you will be aware, is drawing very near, and now writing to say that after careful consideration, we think it will not be out of the way to have your corps target at \$100—while a couple of dollars in advance of amount raised by your corps year."

"Now, dear Captain, we fully prelate the extra toll the purse forward of this scheme will necessitate on your part, and also on the part of the soldiery of your corps, but I reason to believe that the latter proper blood-and-fire Salvationists, will help you to the utmost of their ability to raise funds, as that Gospel chariot may roll along for than ever."

"The Commissioner and myself fully relying upon you, and I know you will come out with flying colors."  
"May God bless you very richly."  
(Signed) J. P. Pushad, Provincial Officer.

"Yes," the Captain said to him, "I will certainly do my best. It he quite a struggle, but I have no doubt what we shall come out all right and see now."

He was just forming some plan in his mind when a knock came at the door, and a moment later Bro. Coldwater stepped into the room.

"Glad to see you," said the Captain to Bro. Coldwater as he shook warmly by the hand. The former, full of enthusiasm just after having his P. O. letter, began the conversation by saying, "I have read this (showing the envelope) by post:—ston—while I read you extract from it."

Save from

A Sepulchral Grant now and again from Bro. Coldwater during his reading (which, however, the Captain did not hear) the all was unbroken. Having finished the letter the Captain fixed his eyes on his visitor, expecting to hear a words of encouragement. But nothing happened, and he was disappointed by hearing Comrade Coldwater say:

"I'm afraid, Captain, there's much chance for the Harvest Festival this year. The corps are heavy, I assure, but the prices are consequently low, and then, for all the trouble it is to fetch the stuff from the farm, there is little recompense. It makes





# OUR HOSTILERS HONOR ROLL

Brigadier Sharp an Aeronaut—Also  
Poor Currell—A New Star in the  
"West"—Central Ontario's Re-  
cord-Breaker—Two Wor-  
thies—The New Cadets.

I suggest that Brigadier Sharp be-  
come an aeronaut right away. His  
province is certainly up among the  
clouds, so far above the next one that  
he looks like a mere speck on the  
broad expanse of blue. One hundred  
and forty Hostilers is something to  
be proud of. How do you like be-  
looning, Brigadier?

Alas, poor Currell! No longer does  
he shine forth, a thing of beauty and a  
joy forever. Her light is out this  
week, at any rate. Oh, Lieutenant,  
how we miss you!

I have discovered a new star in  
the West. Please gaze in the direc-  
tion of London, Ontario, on any clear  
starry night, and you will see it your-  
self. It's a beauty, and you'll easily  
be able to pick it out, for it shines  
with a 275 lumens. I have called it  
the "Western Wonder," after Lieut.  
West, a friend of mine.

By the way, the renowned Nigger  
nearly stepped on Arab's tail this  
week—just two inches short, that's  
all!

There are three things that dis-  
tinguish the Central Ontario list this  
week—say, four! (1) Sent St. Ma-  
rie, the coming metropolis, reaches  
the 100 mark through Lieut. Crocker-  
s's efforts; (2) the worthy Cashier,  
Eugene French, did heretofore prove  
disposing of 40 Crys on the streets of  
Orangeville during her special visit;  
(3) Lieut. Shoshkoganak (Indian, I  
presume, for Bine Sky, a thing I  
didn't know before) makes an ap-  
pearance, and (4) Lieut. Currell's  
name is missing.

Lieut. Langley of Burlington and  
Lieut. Lowrie of the same place are  
doing well; 190 and 180 respectively  
is something to be proud of, I can  
tell you. Try and go over the 200  
each, comrades.

Watch these lists for the new Cadet  
Hostilers. Nearly fifty of them, I  
hear. My, oh, my! ain't we going  
to have a time of it!

## Eastern Province. 140 Hostilers.

Lieut. Moore, Sydney	223
Lieut. Duncan, St. John I.	202
P. S.-M. Casula, Halifax I.	167
Sergt. Bous, Windsor	155
Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay	135
P. S.-M. McQueen, Moncton	131
Capt. Hawboldt, Halifax I.	125
Capt. Redmond, Somerset	120
Sergt. Venoit, Charlottetown	119
Capt. Murrough, St. John V.	115
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	110
Capt. McKie, Carleton	110
Capt. Armstrong, Truro	103
Mrs. Adj. Dowell, Charlottetown	100
Ensign Carter, New Glasgow	90
Ensign Thompson, St. Stephen	90
Lieut. Cavender, Moncton	90
Lieut. Thibault, Carleton	80
Lieut. Clark, Sackville	85
Cand. McFadden, Yarmouth	85
Lieut. White, North Sydney	80
Capt. Prince, St. George's	75
Capt. Wyatt, Westville	75
Lieut. Bracc, Westville	75
Lieut. Glenivan, Chatham	75
Cadet Corkum, St. John I.	75
Capt. Loring, Nova Scotia	75
Wm. Jennings, St. George's	70
Lieut. Gilbank, Annapolis	70
Lieut. McDonald, Stellarton	65
Julia Lidstone, Glace Bay	60
Sergt. Reid, St. John I.	60
Mrs. E. Carter, New Glasgow	60
Bro. Dunkley, St. George's	60
Bro. Jennings, St. George's	59
Lieut. Whales, Louisburg	57
Lieut. Ewason, Whitney Pier	57
P. Peckwood, St. George's	55

Capt. March, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Weakley, Liverpool	55
Capt. Forsey, Parrsboro	55
Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater	50
Sergt. Waterman, Sydney	50
Cand. Hardwick, St. Stephen	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock	50
Capt. Anderson, St. John II.	50
Lieut. Copeland, St. John II.	50
Capt. Lehana, Newcastle	50
Lieut. McKim, Keatville	50
Ensign Williams, Springhill	50
Lieut. Ogilvie, Springhill	50
Sergt. Beazley, Halifax II.	50
Capt. James, Halifax II.	50
P. S.-M. Worth, Charlottetown	50
Capt. Tatem, Charlottetown	45
Lieut. Hamilton, Bear River	45
Lieut. DeBow, Fairville	42
Lieut. Ritchie, Yarmouth	42
Adj. Wiggins, Yarmouth	40
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines	40
Capt. Ehsary, Digby	40
Lieut. White, Digby	40
Annie Faybitt, Bridgetown	40
Lieut. Barnard, Truro	40
Mrs. Jones, Halifax II.	40
Cadet Smith, Windsor	40
Capt. Netting, Windsor	40
Capt. Kirk, Dartmouth	36
Lieut. Nugent, Halifax IV.	36
Capt. Harding, Sesser	35
Cadet Conn, Sesser	35
W. Burgess, Halifax I.	35
Sergt. McKay, Halifax II.	35
E. Brewer, Halifax I.	35
Lieut. Wood, Dartmouth	30
Capt. Green, Houlton	30
Lieut. McKim, Houlton	30
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines	30
Sergt. Deuney, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. Burns, Somerset	30
Capt. McKenzie, New Glasgow	30
Bishop Monroe, Freeport	30
P. S.-M. Jones, St. John III.	30
Capt. Miller, Chatham	30
Sergt. Fitt, Springhill	30
Capt. Chandler, Canning	30
Cadet Chislett, Canning	30
Capt. Thompson, Charlottetown	30
Capt. McCaughan, Keatville	30
Cand. Smith, Glace Bay	25
Sister Clark, Glace Bay	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
C. C. B. Shop, Woodstock	25
Kirk All, Woodstock	25
M. Sells, Halifax I.	25
Mrs. Cat. Forsey, Parrsboro	25
Mrs. S. A. Liff, Halifax II.	25
J. Melin, Dominion	25
Maud Waterman, Dominion	25
Aggie Wilson, Dominion	25
Mrs. Fraser, Halifax	25
Capt. Martin, Windsor	20
Capt. La Mont, Whitney Pier	20
Sydney Church, St. George's	20
Geo. Pearce, St. George's	20
Lieut. White, Bridgetown	20
Lieut. R. L. B. Bridgetown	20
S.-M. Keat, Bear River	20
Mrs. Douglas, Calais	20
Cadet New, Halifax I.	20
C. C. Boone, Halifax II.	20
Sergt. Scaplan, Stellarton	20
Capt. McEwen, North Head	20
Lieut. McKim, North Head	20
C. C. Goddard, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Pelly, Chatham	20
Sergt. Dow, Dartmouth	20
Beale Shapman, Windsor	20
Capt. Davis, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Crossman, Lunenburg	20
Lieut. Murrough, Hillsboro	20
Lieut. Fraser, Hillsboro	20
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst	20
Capt. Parsons, Amherst	20
Capt. Pemberton, Summerside	20
Sister McQuin, Glace Bay	20
Mrs. Smith, Hamilton	20
Mrs. Lewis, Hamilton	20
Ray Kirkby, Halifax	20
Lottie Kafuse, Halifax	20
Capt. Smith, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Lingo, Campbellton	20
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor	20
Capt. Lewis, Fairville	20
Capt. Green, Louisburg	20
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	20
Mrs. Adj. Wiggins, New Glasgow	20
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton	20

## West Ontario Province. 80 Hostilers.

Lieut. West, London	375
Mrs. Huffman, Woodstock	40
Mrs. Adj. McIlroy, Chatham	135
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford	115

P. S.-M. McDougall, Goderich	100
Capt. Haacock, Hespler	100
Lieut. Close, Stratford	100
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt	100
Capt. V. Farnsworth, Walkersburg	100
Capt. Sarnia	100
Lieut. Richardson, Wingham	85
Carrie McQueen, Petrolia	85
P. S.-M. Schuster, Berlin	80
Lieut. Anderson, Wingham	80
P. S.-M. Windsor	80
Lieut. Hickey, Simcoe	80
Adj. Scott, Sarnia	80
Capt. Williams, Essex	80
S.-M. Tremaine, Listowel	80
Capt. Fennessy, Windsor	80
Mrs. E. Hoddinott, Ingersoll	80
Capt. Harman, Ridgeway	80
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll	80
Capt. Maisey, Brantford	80
Ensign Brehaut, Woodstock	80
Salista Syver, St. Thomas	80
Mrs. Capt. Rock, Sarnia	80
Cand. Woods, Stratford	80
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	80
Mrs. Ensign Jarvis, Leamington	80
Mrs. Garrod, Blenheim	80
S.-M. Wakefield, Forest	80
Sister Britton, Stratford	80
Capt. Jordison, Stratford	80
Capt. Hogan, Clinton	80
Lieut. Allen, Watford	80
Capt. Coy, Goderich	80
C. C. Grace Cooper, Goderich	80
Mrs. Moyse	80
Mrs. LeBrooke, Leamington	80
Cadet Backus, St. Thomas	80
Lieut. Murray, Blenheim	80
Lieut. McCall, Blenheim	80
Adj. Cameron, Guelph	80
Mrs. Adj. Cameron, Guelph	80
C. C. Verna Crafts, Chatham	80
Capt. Garnea, Blenheim	80
Capt. Yeomans, Woodstock	80
Capt. Kitchen, Paris	80
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris	80
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	80
Sergt. Fred Palmer, London	80
Adj. Coombs, Petrolia	80
Mrs. Gording, Galt	80
Capt. L. Farnham, Walkersburg	80
P. S.-M. Richards, Guelph	80
Maggie Chatterton, Guelph	80
Mrs. Dr. Green, Ridgeway	80
L. Garalde, London	80
Mrs. Alice Howlett, Drayton	80
Mrs. Wilson, Simcoe	80
Lieut. Cook, Theford	80
Rose Ellis, Dresden	80
Lieut. Davis, Dresden	80
Sister Horney, Goderich	80
Sister Lindsay, Stratford	80
C. C. Chatterton, Petrolia	80
Capt. Rock, Sarnia	80
Dave Virtue, Windsor	80
Tressa, Christner, Dresden	80
Mrs. Welby, Delhi	80
S.-M. Graham, Transville	80
Bro. Burgess, Chatham	80
Lieut. Mitchell, Petrolia	80
C. C. Bowling, Stratford	80
Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	80
Mrs. Livens, Ingersoll	80
Nellie Brown, Bothwell	80
Capt. Edwards, Chatham	80
C. C. Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	80

## Central Ontario Province. 75 Hostilers.

Lieut. Crocker, Saint St. Marie	100
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	90
Adj. Burrows, Lippincott	90
Alice Ehsary, Bracebridge	90
Lieut. Minnes, Bracebridge	90
Capt. Hart, Hamilton II.	90
Sergt. McArthur, Temple	90
Sergt. Salter, Barrie	90
Bro. Moffatt, Riverside	90
Sergt. Andrews, Temple	90
Capt. Stephens, Collingwood	90
Sister Munro, Collingwood	90
Adj. MacAmmond, Temple	90
Lieut. Clark, Dovercourt	90
Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound	90
C. C. Sheardown, Esther St.	90
Capt. Mosier, North Bay	90
Lieut. Porter, North Bay	90
Capt. MacKenzie, Sarnia	90
Capt. Downey, Sudbury	90
Sergt. Matheson, Sudbury	90
Ensign Smith, Barrie	90
Cand. Nellie Glenville, Bowmanville	90
Sergt. Clark, Lippincott	90
Ensign Stalger, Owen Sound	90
Ensign French, Orangeville	90
S.-M. Travis, Newmarket	90
Lieut. Jago, Fenton Falls	90
S.-M. Hinton, Oakville	90
Capt. Leggett, Parry Sound	90
Lieut. McGregor, Parry Sound	90
Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls	90
Capt. Stickells, Sturgeon Falls	90
Mrs. Capt. Bennett, Chatham	90
Capt. McCann, Burk's Falls	90
Lieut. Jones, Burk's Falls	90
Capt. Culbert, Orangeville	90

C. C. Correll, Lindsay	90
Cand. McMillan, Lindsay	90
Capt. Metcalfe, St. John	90
Bro. J. Lucas, St. John	90
Cadet Jennings, St. John	90
S.-M. Bennett, Fortu	90
Lieut. Snow, Chatham	90
Sergt. Hutchings, St. John	90
Mrs. Newman, Twilling	90
Mrs. Capt. Moffitt, St. John	90
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt	90
Kate Butler, Paradise	90
Lieut. M. Allen, St. John	90
Lieut. Harding, Bay R	90
J. S. B.-M. Adey, Clark	90
Capt. Wiseman, Clark	90
S.-M. Ash, Carbonara	90
Sergt. Blunden, St. John	90
Annie Ford, Bonaville	90
Sergt. Crocker, Heartly	90
Sergt. Tiller, Heartly	90
Lieut. Gandy, Twilling	90
Sergt. Carter, St. John	90
Cadet Brynston, St. John	90
Cadet Farrell, St. John	90
Sergt. M. Moore, Bonaville	90
S.-M. Green, Arnold's	90
Capt. Hedblom, Vanc	90
Capt. Ford, Old Perle	90
Mrs. Babcock, Bay R	90
Sergt. Mugford, New	90
Mrs. Adj. Sparks, Tilt	90

## Newfoundland Province. 35 Hostilers.

Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.	90
Mrs. Adj. Fraser, St. John's I.	90
Capt. Ritchie, St. John's I.	90
Nellie Rose, Grand Bank	90

Sergt. Blackmore, Pel	90
Lieut. Metcalfe, St. Jo	90
Bro. J. Lucas, St. Jo	90
Cadet Jennings, St. Jo	90
S.-M. Bennett, Fortu	90
Lieut. Snow, Chatham	90
Sergt. Hutchings, St. Jo	90
Mrs. Newman, Twilling	90
Mrs. Capt. Moffitt, St. Jo	90
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt	90
Kate Butler, Paradise	90
Lieut. M. Allen, St. Jo	90
Lieut. Harding, Bay R	90
J. S. B.-M. Adey, Clark	90
Capt. Wiseman, Clark	90
S.-M. Ash, Carbonara	90
Sergt. Blunden, St. Jo	90
Annie Ford, Bonaville	90
Sergt. Crocker, Heartly	90
Sergt. Tiller, Heartly	90
Lieut. Gandy, Twilling	90
Sergt. Carter, St. Jo	90
Cadet Brynston, St. Jo	90
Cadet Farrell, St. Jo	90
Sergt. M. Moore, Bonaville	90
S.-M. Green, Arnold's	90
Capt. Hedblom, Vanc	90
Capt. Ford, Old Perle	90
Mrs. Babcock, Bay R	90
Sergt. Mugford, New	90
Mrs. Adj. Sparks, Tilt	90

## USEFUL

Try putting a little  
water in which mat-  
Remember to wash  
clean the finger nails  
Sweep the screen w-  
The dust and lint wh-  
prevent the free pass-  
If potatoes are men-  
from the kettle when  
long-handled skimmer  
Peas fresh from the  
half the time they  
kept a day longer, a  
sweet.





00	C. C. Coraell, Lindsay	48
00	Cand. McMillan, Lindsay	48
00	Capt. Stollker, Riverside	48
00	S. M. Mrs. Stewart, Ligar St.	48
00	Capt. Gervardine, Newmarket	48
00	Lieut. J. J. Newmarket	48
00	Sergt. Mrs. E. Ligar St.	48
00	Capt. Bennett, Oshawa	48
00	Lieut. Courtemanche, Uxbridge	48
00	Capt. Oke, Uxbridge	48
00	Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie	48
00	Sergt. Fullbrook, Barrie	48
00	Capt. Brookhills, Gravenhurst	48
00	Lieut. Williams, Brocklin	48
00	Capt. Meeks, Esther Street	48
00	Capt. Capper, Little Current	48
00	Dad Dixon, Temple	48
00	Lieut. Shochkoganak (Blue Sky)	48
00	Little Current	48
00	Lieut. Stickells, Gravenhurst	48
00	Bro. B. Vabotto, Omemee	48
00	Sergt. Mrs. Bro. Midland	48
00	Ensign Gervardine, Midland	48
00	Capt. Dinkinson, Midland	48
00	S. M. Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	48
00	Bro. Aldrich, Ligar Street	48
00	Capt. Nelson, Kilmount	48
00	S. M. McHenry, Ligar Street	48
00	Sister Donaldson, Ligar St.	48
00	Lieut. Welby, Omemee	48
00	F. Stiththorn, Temple	48
00	Sister Campbell, Ches's	48
00	S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	48
00	Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	48
00	Capt. Calvert, Bowmanville	48
00	Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	48
00	Bro. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay	48
00	Bro. Nelson, Lindsay	48
00	Nettie Richards, Lindsay	48
00	Treas. Evelyn, Oshawa	48
00	Sister Palmer, Esther Street	48
00	East Ontario Province	48
00	66 Hustlers	48
00	Lieut. Langley, Burlington	48
00	Lieut. Lowry, Burlington	48
00	P. R. M. Palmer, Ottawa	48
00	Sergt. Raymo, Barrie	48
00	Lieut. Duncan, Ogdensburg	48
00	Lieut. Gates, Gananoque	48
00	Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I.	48
00	Sergt. Moor, Montreal I.	48
00	Ensign Ross, Ottawa	48
00	Capt. Woods, Kemptville	48
00	Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury	48
00	Lieut. Weber, St. Johnsbury	48
00	Capt. Green, Cornwall	48
00	Mrs. Eugenia Bloor, Ottawa	48
00	Mrs. Capt. Podger, Brockville	48
00	Adjt. MacNamara, Kingston	48
00	C. C. Pollitt, Kingston	48
00	Lieut. Keats, Newport	48
00	Cadet Allen, Newport	48
00	Mrs. Capt. Clarke, Campbellton	48
00	Capt. Liddell, Milbrook	48
00	Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro	48
00	Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	48
00	Capt. O'Neill, Arnprior	48
00	Lieut. Seward, Arnprior	48
00	Sergt. Vancour, Montreal I.	48
00	Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall	48
00	Mrs. Adjt. Newman, Prescott	48
00	Adjt. Newman, Prescott	48
00	Capt. Edwards, Quebec	48
00	Capt. Pitcher, Napanee	48
00	Lieut. Moore, Kingston	48
00	Mrs. Barber, Kingston	48
00	Sergt. Loeie, Montreal I.	48
00	Mrs. Hippers, Montreal I.	48
00	Capt. Podger, Brockville	48
00	Mrs. Capt. Brinson, Port Hope	48
00	C. C. Hanson, Kingston	48
00	Lieut. Matthews, Peterboro	48
00	S. M. Harbott, Ottawa	48
00	P. S. M. Rice, Montreal I.	48
00	Sister Barry, Quebec	48
00	S. M. Stone, Lakeside	48
00	Lieut. Oldford, Cobourg	48
00	Lieut. Rutledge, Deseronto	48
00	Mrs. King, Napanee	48
00	Capt. Birch, Tweed	48
00	C. M. Brinson, Quebec	48
00	Treas. White, Brockville	48
00	P. S. M. Mann, Tweed	48
00	Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I.	48
00	Mrs. Symington, Montreal I.	48
00	Mrs. Green, Cornwall	48
00	Mrs. Thompson, Napanee	48
00	Mrs. Green, Peterboro	48
00	Mrs. Wright, Montreal I.	48
00	C. C. Casselman, Campbellton	48
00	P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal I.	48
00	Mrs. Capt. Fudge, Cobourg	48
00	Ensign Laidlaw, Peterboro	48
00	Mrs. Brown, Kingston	48
00	Mrs. Dea, Kingston	48
00	Capt. Brinson, Port Hope	48
00	Mrs. Green, Peterboro	48
00	Mrs. Chatham, Peterboro	48
00	Sergt. Houston, Montreal I.	48
00	Newfoundland Province	48
00	78 Hustlers	48
00	Sergt. Whitten, St. John's I.	48
00	Mrs. Adjt. Fessenden, St. John's I.	48
00	Capt. Ritchie, St. John's I.	48
00	Nettie Ross, Grand Bank	48

Sergt. Blackmore, Pelley's Island	48
Lieut. McQuinn, St. John's I.	48
Bro. J. Lucas, St. John's I.	48
Cadet Jennings, St. John's I.	48
R. G. M. Bennett, Fortuque	48
Lieut. Snow, Channel	48
Sergt. Hutchings, St. John's I.	48
Mrs. Newman, Twillingate	48
Mrs. Capt. Moulton, Dildo	48
Lieut. Blackmore, Tilt Cove	48
Kate Butler, Paradise Sound	48
Lieut. M. Milton, St. John's I.	48
Lieut. Harding, Bay Roberts	48
J. S. S. M. Adey, Clarendville	48
Capt. Wiseman, Clark's Beach	48
S. M. Ash, Carbonara	48
Sergt. Blunden, St. John's I.	48
Annie Ford, Bonaville	48
Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight	48
Sergt. Tiller, Westeyville	48
Lieut. Gandy, Twillingate	48
Bro. Packham, St. John's I.	48
Sergt. Carter, St. John's I.	48
Cadet Bryerton, St. John's I.	48
Cadet Farrel, St. John's I.	48
Sergt. M. Moore, Bonne Bay	48
S. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	48
Capt. Heddlon, S. carstown	48
Capt. Ford, Old Perlican	48
Mrs. Babcock, Bay Roberts	48
Sergt. Moulton, New Bay	48
Mrs. Adjt. Sparks, Tilt Cove	48
Pacific Province	48
33 Hustlers	48
Cadet Knudson, Butte	137
Cadet Robinson, Billings	137
Capt. Walruth, Victoria	125
Sister Wright, Victoria	122
Mrs. Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	91
Lieut. Johnson, Greenwood	35
Capt. Parrack, Whistler	35
Capt. Johnston, Nanaimo	35
Adjt. Stevens, Vancouver	35
Capt. Heater, New Westminster	35
Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, Rossland	35
Capt. Galt, Missoula	35
Capt. Canston, Everett	35
Mrs. Adjt. Ayre, Great Falls	35
Cadet Massey, Vancouver	35
Sister Hawkins, Great Falls	35
Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver	35
Mrs. Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	35
Capt. Miller, Revelstoke	35
Cadet McCormick, Revelstoke	35
Sergt. Whipple, Vancouver	35
Lieut. Cannon, New Westminster	35
Capt. Quant, Missoula	35
Sister Morrison, Victoria	35
Mrs. Uran, Rossland	35
Adjt. Yerex, Helena	35
Lieut. Lewis, Helena	35
Mrs. Hodges, Whistler	35
Adjt. Blackburn, Nelson	35
Lacy Bushnell, Spokane	35
J. S. S. M. McCormick, Spokane	35
Capt. Jackson, Lewiston	35
Elsie Watson, Lewiston	35

### USEFUL HINTS.

Try putting a little salt in the water in which maiting is washed.

Remember to wash the hands and clean the finger nails before cooking.

Sweep the screen wire occasionally. The dust and lint which gather on it prevent the free passage of air.

If potatoes are mealy remove them from the kettle when boiled with a long-handled skimmer instead of a fork.

Peas fresh from the garden cook in half the time they would need if kept a day longer, and are twice as sweet.



Fidelity.

# THE GENERAL'S VISIT.

## ST. JOHN, N.B.,

Saturday to Wednesday, October 11-15.

## HALIFAX, N.S.,

Thursday, October 16.

## MONTREAL,

Saturday and Sunday, October 18 and 19.

## OTTAWA,

Tuesday, October 21.

## KINGSTON, ONT.,

Wednesday, October 22.

## HAMILTON, ONT.,

Thursday, October 23.

## LONDON, ONT.,

Saturday and Sunday, October 25 and 26.

## WOODSTOCK, ONT.,

Monday, October 27.

## TORONTO, ONT.,

Friday, October 31, to Wednesday, Nov. 5.

For full particulars see Local Papers and Advertisements.



### To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any one of the globe, without cost, as far as possible, a well-worn woman and children, or any one in distress. Address: A. C. Thompson, 1111 Broadway, New York, N.Y. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses.

(First Insertion.)

3928. JENSON, FREDERICK ALFRED, formerly of Denmark; about 31 years of age; supposed to have worked on the railroad in the Northwest; last known address Medicine Hat, Assiniboia.

4002. KIATT, MRS. CARL. Last heard from in Strauburg, Ontario (Legna Colony), some time ago, or Maria Molkowsky, or David Breit, fold, relatives of Mrs. Kiatt.

4003. JAMIESON, DAVID and WILLIAM, brothers. David aged about fifty, William about thirty-five; formerly of Owen Sound, Ontario. Both tall, grey hair, both married. David has lost a leg as a result of a crash; last heard from in a Dakota town (name unknown) 12 years ago; were in the heavy business. It will be to their advantage to write to the above address.

Corrected.

3960. GIBSON, CHARLES, formerly of Chazyville, N.S.; aged 22 years, height 5 feet 6 inches; light complexion, no beard, last heard of three years ago at Bristol, Northumberland Co., N.B.; may have gone to Boston.

(Second Insertion.)

4000. HALSAL, THOMAS KELLY, age 65 years; fair complexion; height 6 feet. Last heard from sixteen years ago. Was then running a cattle ranch in Colorado, U.S.A. May be in the Western States or North-west Canada.

### THE VALUE OF APPLES.

There is scarcely any article of vegetable food more widely useful and more universally liked than the apple. Why every farmer has not an apple orchard, where trees will grow at all, is one of the greatest mysteries. Let every family in autumn lay in a good store, and it will be to them the most economical investment in the whole range of culinary supplies. A raw mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled bacon and cabbage require five hours. If taken freely at breakfast, with brown bread and butter, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidity and cooling off febrile conditions more effectively than the most approved medicines. The most healthful dessert that can be placed on the table is baked apples. If families could be induced to use the apple—sound, ripe and luscious—in the place of pies, cakes, candies and other sweetmeats with which children are too often stuffed, there would be a diminution of doctors bills sufficient in a single year to lay up a stock of this delicious fruit for a season's use.

### IMPORTANT NOTICE

#### WOMEN'S SOCIAL INSTITUTIONS.

It is very important that officers do not send girls or children to any of our Women's Social Institutions without making previous arrangements and obtaining the consent of the Managers before doing so. We should like all who need us, but to avoid any disappointment on the part of applicants, we earnestly request officers and others to write to us previously. Apply to the following addresses:

Toronto, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 London, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 St. John, N.B.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Montreal, Que.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Kingston, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Hamilton, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Ottawa, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Woodstock, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Toronto, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
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 Ottawa, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)  
 Woodstock, Ont.: Miss Street, 100 Spadina Ave. (Albert St.)

# TORONTO

Friday Oct. 31, to  
Wednesday, Nov. 5.

# CONGRESS

## GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH IN COMMAND.

Program.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31st, 8 p.m.

GREAT

### Public Reception

AT THE

### Massey Music Hall.

Between 300 and 400 Staff and Field Officers will be present.

There will be indescribable meetings, and scenes of enthusiasm, zeal, blessing, salvation and consecration, and baptism and the Holy Ghost.

**Special Railway Arrangements.**—Single Fare and 15 cents for the round trip to all persons attending the Congress. Note: Buy a Single Ticket to Toronto, and ask the ticket agent for a Standard Certificate. Present this Certificate at the S. A. Temple, with a payment of 15 cents, which will secure a free return ticket.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1st, 7.30 p.m.

### United Soldiers' Council

at the S. A. Temple.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 2nd.

### Grand Day of Salvation

at the Massey Music Hall.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, November 3, 4, 5,  
FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS' COUNCILS.

**Officers Who Desire Billets** should write at once to Brigadier Pickering, S. A. Temple, Toronto. Officers who expect to stay with friends while in Toronto should nevertheless notify the Brigadier of their coming, and the name and address of their Billets.

## Harvest Festival Songs.

Tune.—Bringing in the sheaves.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
Sowing in the noontide and the dory eyes;  
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadow,  
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
By-and-bye the harvest, and the labor ended,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Go, then, over weeping, sowing for the Master,  
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;  
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,  
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Tune.—Where are the reapers?

2 Oh, where are the reapers that garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?  
With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
And no one may rest till the harvest home.

Chorus.

Where are the reapers? Oh, who will come  
And share in the glory of the harvest home?  
Oh, who will help us to garner in  
The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Go out in the by-ways and search them all;  
The wheat may be there though the weeds are tall;  
Then search in the highways, and pass none by,  
But gather them all for the home on high.

The fields are all ripening, and far and wide  
The world is awaiting the harvest tide;  
But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,  
And gather together the golden grain;  
Till on till the Lord of the harvest come,  
Then share in the joy of the harvest home.

Tune.—Praise (B.J. 143).

3 Our thankful hearts need joyful songs  
To tell Thee how all praise belongs.

By right, dear Lord, to Thee,  
Thy power has worked to meet our wants,  
Thy love has silenced all complaints,  
Thy goodness, Lord, we see.

The sower's scattered seed has grown;  
But in it all Thy hand is shown—  
It gave the rain and sun,  
And quickened into life the seed;  
The harvest is Thy work indeed,  
And Thine shall be the song.

The reaper's sickle work has found;  
The gathered fruits from tree and ground  
With thankfulness we store.  
Thy truth, O Lord, Thy works declare,  
A Father's love forbids all fear—  
We'll trust and serve Thee more.

Oh, help us at this harvest time  
To test ourselves, by help Divine,  
To see what fruit we bear,  
What promise are we making Thee;  
As ripened souls we wish to be  
When harvest home draws near.

Tune.—Stella (B.J. 25).

4 To Thee, O Lord of earth and sky,  
With grateful hearts we now draw nigh.

For all the fruits Thy generous soil  
Hath yielded in return for toil.  
We want henceforth our lives to be  
All fruitful in good work for Thee.

We thank Thee that Thou takest heed  
To all Thy creatures' daily need;  
That over us, on sea or land,  
Has daily been Thy bounteous hand.  
We want henceforth our lives to be  
Filled up with grateful work for Thee.

While heartfelt thanks to Thee ascend,  
With them new vows for war we blend.

Determined in Thy strength to go  
And live for Thee 'gainst every foe.  
Henceforth each day our lives shall be  
Filled both with work and war for Thee.

Make us more earnest souls to save,  
As hourly we approach the grave;  
So that if, ere this time next year,  
We should before Thy throne appear,  
With joy we may Thy glory see  
Because till death we fought for Thee.

Tune.—Wonderful peace; or, Wonderful joy (B.J. 229).

By A. A. WHITEHEAD.

5 The most wonderful story ever was told,  
And the story that ever is told,  
Is the story of Jesus' most wonderful love,  
And that wonderful story is true.

Chorus.

True, true, yes, it is true,  
That Jesus has suffered for thee;  
Gave His life on the cross to rescue  
You from hell,  
Through His death you may now be  
Made free.

Or, Joy, joy, wonderful joy, etc.

When He saw we were helpless and sinking in sin,  
And that no one could help or save.

Then He left His bright home in the mansion above,  
And His life as a ransom He gave.

Though rejected by those whom He came to redeem,  
And betrayed by His own friend,

And forsaken by all in the hour of death,  
Yet His love was the same to the end.

And He now intercedes with the Father in heaven,  
And is pleading your cause at the throne.

While you are rejecting His mercy and love;  
Was such wonderful love known?

Oh, how sad it will be if your name should be lost,  
To reflect while the ages shall last,  
And remember the love and the mercy you spurned,  
Chose the world, while you had your soul.